

MOTOR RACING

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Ernie McAfee Killed

Car Slams Into Tree at Pebble

By Gus V. Vignolle

ERNIE McAFFEE, a fierce competitor with the heart of a lion, still had a chance to win—and if there was a gossamer chance, he was going to take it.

And so he tried desperately—he tried too hard, in fact. He came blasting Bill Doheny's power-brimming 4.4 blue Ferrari down the Pebble Beach back straight well in excess of 100 miles an hour.

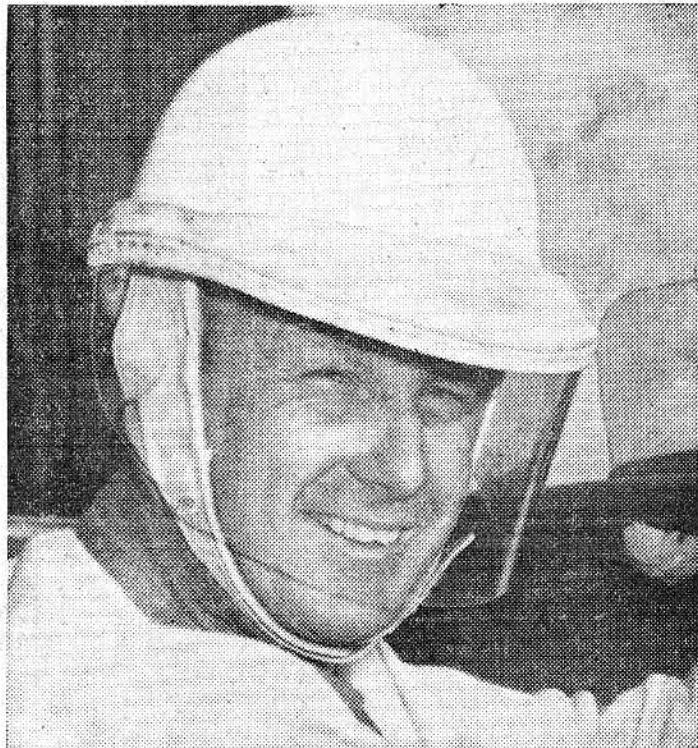
The thundering machine fishtailed, skidded, crashed into a hay bale, skidded some more on its nose and slammed into a tree.

Death came instantly to the doughty, well-liked 39-year-old Beverly Hills road race pilot, one of the best in the country.

There, beneath a glowering, slate-colored sky in a brooding pine forest, Ernie McAfee died doing what he liked best—racing.

If the fore or aft end of the Ferrari had hurtled into the big tree, Ernie might have had a chance. But it hit amidships, the right side against the towering pine. The car was a right-

(Continued on Page 6, Cols. 4-5)



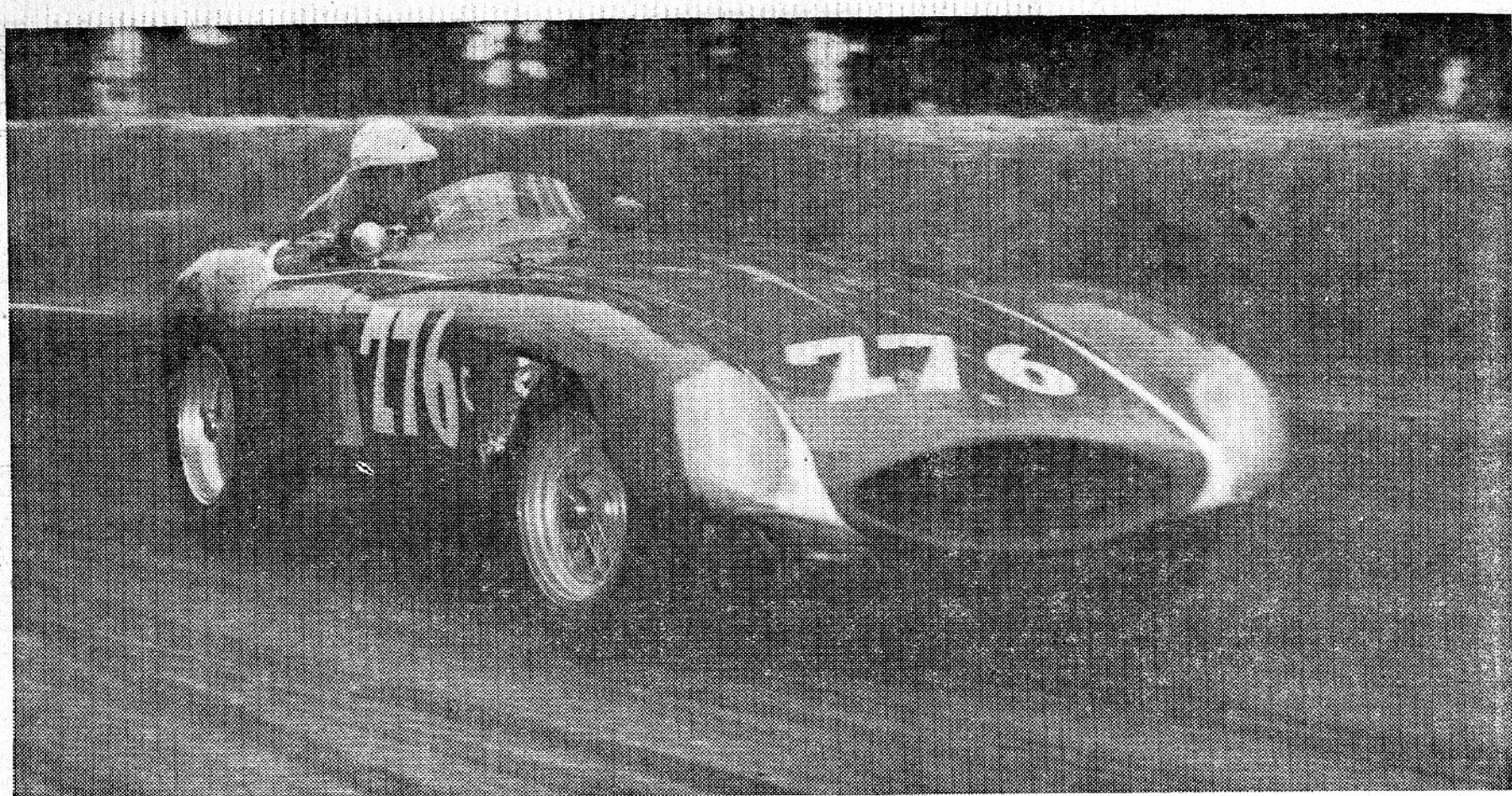
ERNIE McAFFEE

'LIFE STORY OF ERNIE McAFFEE'

The "Life Story of Ernie McAfee" starts in the next issue of MOTORRACING. It will be written by Gus V. Vignolle, editor. Look for the first installment in the May 18-25 issue of MOTORRACING. Subscribe today.

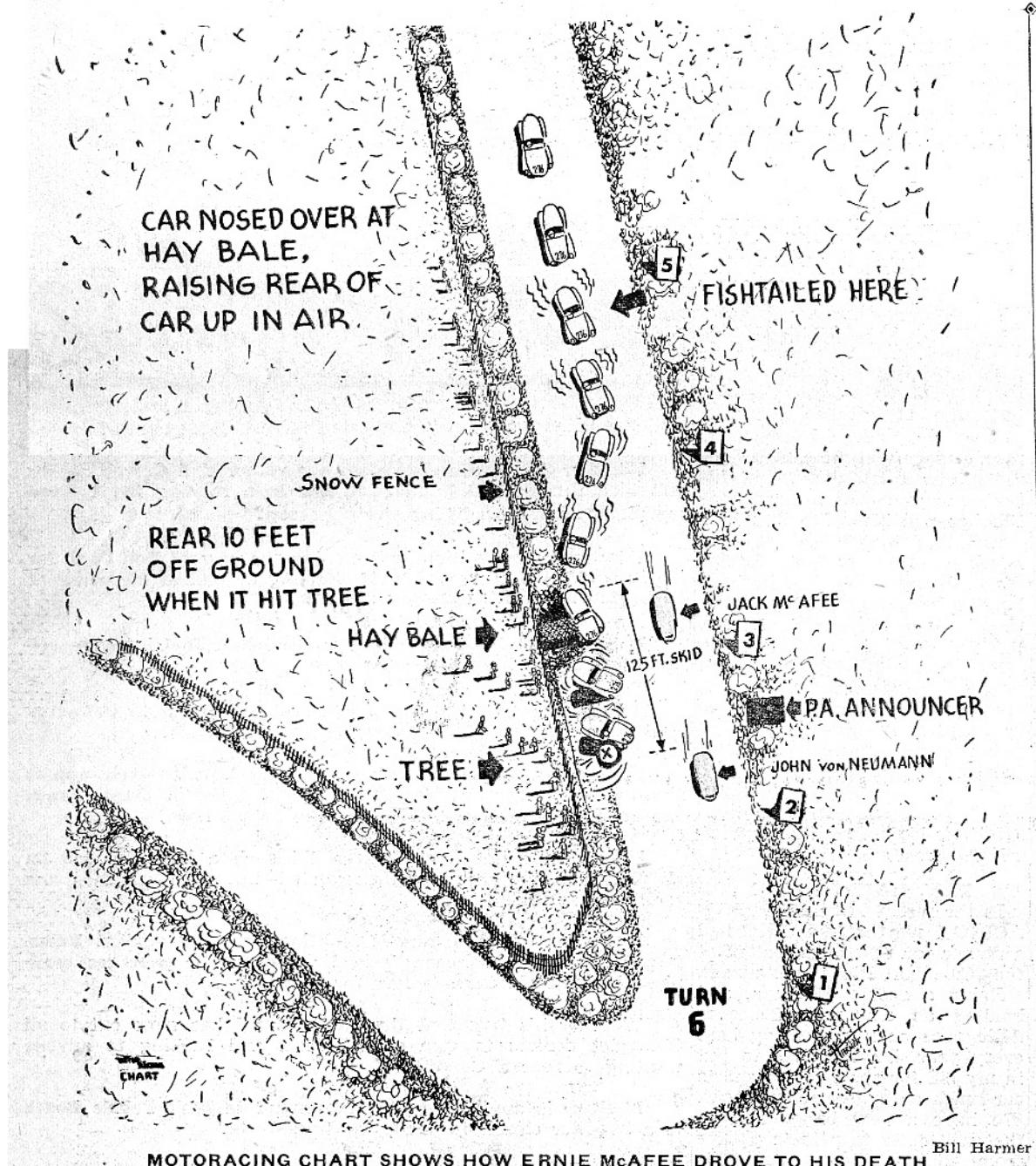
SCCA, RACEWAY SIGN CONTRACT

See Page 8



Gayle Davis

Ernie McAfee in 4.4 Ferrari Shortly Before He Was Killed at Pebble Beach



MOTORACING CHART SHOWS HOW ERNIE McAfee DROVE TO HIS DEATH

Frinchaboy Improving

CONDITION OF Warren Frinchaboy, injured during practice at Pebble Beach, is improving at Monterey Peninsula Hospital, according to his physician, Dr. Arthur Spaulding, Jr. His condition is now satisfactory.

The driver, injured when the Triumph TR3 he was driving for Dorothy Deen struck a tree on turn 3, suffered severely compounded fractures of both lower legs, crush injury to his chest and dislocation of his right knee.

At the present time there is no indication for any amputation of his legs.

Frinchaboy went into a spin coming out of a shallow curve, hit a hay bale and bounced into a tree, wrapping the car around it. It required over an hour for attendants and doctors to extricate him, using crow bars and acetylene torches.

HEAVY GARDENA ACTION

CRA sprints and roadsters race Saturday, May 5, at Gardena Stadium, 8:30 p.m., with the jalopies going there the following afternoon, 2:30 p.m., and a 200-lap NASCAR late model stock car race billed for Sunday night, 8:30.

Crash Takes Life of Walt Faulkner:

A Great Little Guy

By Maury Powell

IF THIS article reads somewhat hazy and incoherent — it's simply because the writer is still suffering from an acute case of brain numbness clear down to the fingers.

The subject matter treats, or attempts to, with the untimely death of a good friend — Walt Faulkner. Somehow, because Walt flirted with the Grim Reaper on so many occasions and left G. R. out for the count, we never figured we'd be doing an

obit on the little, lovable character.

We say "untimely" because it's force of habit — yet who among us is to know when the Skyway Timekeeper will point those Hands of Eternity at one of us?

Sure as heck Walt never fretted about it.

Anyway, a guy in the race driving racket would get precisely nowhere if he were to spend time worrying about the G. R. hovering behind him in

the same manner as we non-pro leadfoots exude fear of omnipresent John Law during our daily driving.

We've known Walt since about 1947, but it wasn't until 1951 when we got to be swearing acquaintances. If Walt was polite to you it was a certain sign that he could take or leave you alone, preferably the latter.

CHEERFUL GREETINGS
But when he greeted you with a cheery, exuberant, "Hello, (Continued on Page 7, Cols. 4-5)



WALT FAULKNER

Otto Rothschild



• Racing Pow-Wow

By Maury Powell

ERNIE MOHAMED A DRIVING FORCE IN PHOENIX RACING

PHOENIX—We're here in the Valley of the Sun once again while checking on auto racing developments in this territory—and you can quote us that the outlook is bright, almost as brilliant as Old Sol himself.

And the driving force behind it all is a Mr. Five-by-Five type of chap named Ernie Mohamed, "Big Mo," a former Tempe gridder and later a pro grappler. He's the No. 1 promoter, hereabouts. In addition, he's NASCAR's state representative—but he's not so narrowminded as to exclude USAC racing because of his affiliation.

Within the past several months we've seen Ernie promote an AAA National Championship 100-miler, a NASCAR Grand National 150-miler for late model stock cars, a 100-miler with CRA's sprint cars and roadsters, a USAC 100-lapper for midgets, open his regular weekly NASCAR sportsmen-hardtop season and inaugurate NASCAR short-track late model stock car racing with a 150-lapper on his quarter-mile South Mountain Speedway. The first three events

forementioned were staged on the state fairgrounds mile track.

That's versatility for you! And the fans, by their turnouts at the gate, definitely register a liking for this variety menu.

What we're getting at is that Joe Z. Fan doesn't care a hoot for alphabetical organizational designations—it's all like finding letters in canned soup.

TOUGH TO SUPPORT TWO TRACKS

If you sell him on the type show you're staging, he'll pay up at the box office.

However, there's a fly in the honeyed ointment here in the Valley of the Sun. Two tracks are operating on the same Saturday nights with regular sportsman (hardtop) and jalopy racing programs.

And, while Phoenix is growing, it still can't support two tracks and their respective promoters in the style to which they'd like to become accustomed.

Even in Los Angeles, with 6,000,000 in the county, only about 2,000 fans show up to Gardena Stadium's weekly Sunday afternoon jalopy meets. Here, South Mountain Speedway and Manzanita Park play to 600,000 in the Valley, and struggle along with turnouts ranging from 300 to 1,500 apiece. Of course, special shows at each plant do better.

Many a time Mohamed attempted to work out equitable operations with Manzanita's Rudy Everett and associates—but was not too-politely told to visit the devil. Manzy, he was told, was doing right well and needed no cooperation from him.

Now, Manzy has put out feelers indicating all is not well financially there, and wants to talk turkey.

Moreover, several drivers have been agitating for permission to compete as they choose at either plant—without regard for their NASCAR membership which forbids such activity on nights when NASCAR races are being run in the same area.

THREE DRIVERS SLAPPED WITH FINES

One local driver went so far as to write for permission to Daytona Beach headquarters and when informed that the rules were quite specific on this point, he quite brashly wrote once more—with, of course, the same result.

Three of the boys—Jim Stapley, Wayne Weiler and Art Bisch—were slapped with \$50 fines by NASCAR for failing to adhere to these rules. A tempest in a teapot has resulted.

Their only excuse is that they wanted to get some roadster racing experience at Manzy when that plant brought in Walt James' CRA brigade now and then. A lot NASCAR cares whether they get roadster experience!

At any rate, it's too bad the two plants can't get together.

We suspect this will be accomplished within the near future—but a little diplomacy will get the job done whereas the present agitation will come to naught but grief.

TEEPEE TAPPINGS—We were personally shocked no end at the recent untimely deaths of Walt Faulkner, whom we knew quite well for about eight years, and Ernie McAfee, with whom we were not too well acquainted but admired no end . . . We suppose the "stop auto racing mob" will be beating the drums—but you can bet people will be racing autos, cycles, donkey carts, camels and other assorted travel media from now till eternity . . . Having known a good many drivers for a good many years, we know darn well they're quite well aware of what they were getting into in the first place—and if somehow someone could pull a Briley Murphy and bring back word from those drivers no longer among us—they'd still choose racing as their business, as in Walt's case, or their avocation, as in Ernie's case.

Whatinell—the only thing that separates yours truly from being a race driver himself is a set of giblets!

MotoRacing Exclusive

Why are racing men harried and hamstrung? Why is the public down on racing? Why the official bans on once hallowed events? Why all the deaths of top drivers (and John Q. Public) on the raceways and highways?

SPEED? "No!" says Hoosier H. Hyram. Read this probing, controversial series, beginning on Page 3 in this issue of MOTORACING.

And don't miss a single one of the future installments—**EXCLUSIVE IN MOTORACING!**

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LETTERS to the Editor

COLORADOANS IMPRESSED

We here in Colorado were very much impressed by the paper and wish it were available on newsstands in this region—what can you do?—If you would care to send me a few extra copies, would pass same out at next CSCA and Denver Sports Car Club meetings and am sure would develop many subscribers and advertisers:

Want to congratulate you on an excellent sports car publication.

Dan M. Collins
Denver, Colo.

CABAZON, NOTE

I hope this guy whose numbe plum is Cabazon, in stirring the sedan stew, does not generate a movement toward changing the present program. I like the way the CSCC has the tiny saloons in their own separate race. It seems to me that a little sedan owner after steering his car through clouds of gravel as Porches and MG's lap him in a consolation race, could extrapolate from this condition to one where Jaguars and Kurtises are lapsing him, casting even bigger rock specimens into the air. No, thanks.

So don't rattle the cage too loudly, Cabazon chum, you might arouse some of our brothers and/or keepers. At least two small sedan owners are happy with the existing setup.

Doug Smith
Reseda, Calif.
(Editor's Note: Stand extrapolated, Cabazon!)

HEY, RALLY FANS!

In the recent issue of MOTORACING I see that the CSCC had a dinner for that organization at the Carolina Pines restaurant.

Being a sports car man, and holding an annual Concours d'Elegance on my property here every year, I would like to put in my bid for some of the sports car luncheon or dinner functions. We have a new banquet room that will cater to private parties from 25 to 135 persons. This beautiful new room is sound proof, has its own refrigerated air conditioning system, background music, public address system, a bar and rest rooms.

How do I go about getting one of these car clubs to have a rally end up here for buffet and cocktails? Will you pass along the information and questions to your readers. Thank you.

Bob Dalton
Beverly Hills, Calif.

(Editor's Note: The info is in the hands of our rallye expert, Buzz De Bardas.)

LOTS OF READING

Here's my subscription; now for a whole year of good reading.

Margaret Montijo
Bakersfield, Calif.

★ SPORTS CAR-TOON ...by Bill Harmer



August 23, 1917—April 22, 1956

THE DUKE WONDERS . . .

WHEN PLANS will be completed for forming a factory-encouraged Morgan team to compete in West Coast events?

Whether the person circulating the rumor that Carroll Shelby will turn professional in the U.S. has been tooting the Chinese saxophone or whether he has straight scoop?

Why more recognition isn't coming the way of Bob Oker for the **SENSATIONAL** record he is chalking up behind the wheel of Ed Savin's rip-snorting Morgan Plus 4?

If a planned distributorship for the Bosch fuel injection setup will ever get beyond the dream stage?

If Northern technical inspectors are ever going to wake up to the fact that no stock Morgan carries air filters?

How many people are going to be caught with their uppers showing when the full details on the Paramount Ranch track site are finally released? (We have the details now.)

Why Pebble Beach organizers did such a beautiful job on all phases of the race and then goofed—but good—on food and sanitation facilities?

If it's true that a lawsuit is being prepared against Volkswagen for what has been termed "monopolistic practices reminiscent of the old German love for cartels"?

Whether it's true that the official word has gone out to all Chevrolet dealers to give special deals and backing to anyone wanting to race a Corvette?

If there is anything to the movement to limit Pebble Beach to a two-liter circuit to pacify local residents?

If the guy who's dishing out the yarn about a certain Lotus piloto moaning because he didn't get the distributorship knows he's just whistling through his teeth to hear the hot air escape?

How come the promoter of a USAC-sanctioned stock car race April 28 at Gardena Stadium had the temerity to use the name of Clyde Palmer, San Jose, driving a 1955 Mercury when in reality Palmer was slated to handle a 1956 Dodge in a NASCAR 150-lapper that very same night at South Mountain Speedway in Phoenix?

What will the reaction be when Gardena Stadium officials ask USAC promotional dates, thus depriving USAC's fair-haired (?) boy of a good money-making location?

How come the wire stories of Faulkner's death attributed the accident's cause to a blown tire, when investigation proved otherwise? (Car Owner Carl Dane checked thoroughly and could find no tire or mechanical defects; most observers believe that Walt simply was driving too fast at the time and lost control going into the turn.)

What Ford thinks about those sensational Faulkner death crash photos that show both doors snapping open despite Ford's claims that its double-action latches prevent this sort of thing?



Vignettes

by Gus V. Vignolle

11-YEAR-OLD VERNE LOSES HIS ONE AND ONLY HERO — ERNIE

A BOY AND HIS IDOL

THE TRAGIC DEATH of Ernie McAfee struck close to home to a lot of people. At our home, it struck very, very close—for Ernie McAfee was the idol of our 11-year-old son, Verne. His adulation of the beloved Ernie was almost incomprehensible. To Verne, the sun rose and the sun set on Ernie. Ernie's loss was bad enough, but when it casts a pall of gloom over an 11-year-old boy, who ordinarily is running around, hollering, fighting with his older sister, playing baseball, skidding down the driveway on his bike, it makes the heartache all the more acute.

It is hard to fathom the anguish, for I had thought that the extreme resiliency of little boys and their helter-skelter-type of minds would enable him "to get over it."

But that has not been the case. It has been a shattering, crushing blow. Someone noble and fine, someone he admired and

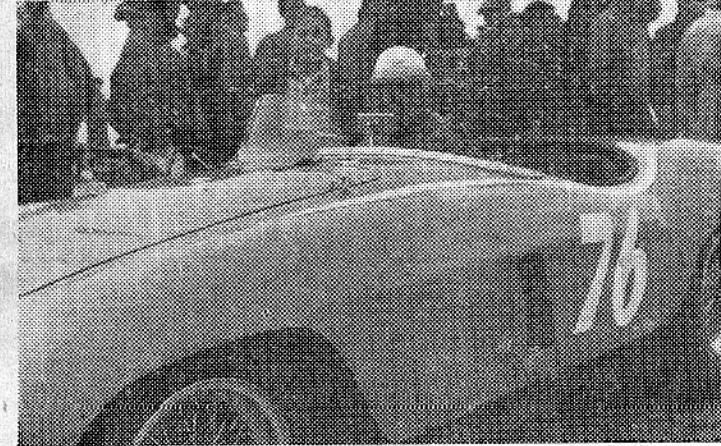
worshipped, has gone from his life.

Verne had cheered himself hoarse, rooting for Ernie at practically all of his Southland races. But he missed Pebble Beach because of the distance and school the next day.

HE KNEW ERNIE WOULD WIN OUT

Before we left, his last words were, "I know Ernie will win. If that 4.4 is right, he'll run away from them—even Phil Hill and the Fangio Ferrari. I'm sure of it."

So rather than have Verne get the terrible news via the newspapers, radio or TV, we telephoned him immediately upon return-



THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT OF ALL

ing from the course to our hotel in Monterey.

The boy's exuberance crackled out of the earphone. "How did Ernie do?" he cried, bubbling with enthusiasm.

I couldn't tell him. I was in bad enough shape as it was.

I handed the phone to his mother. She broke the news to him as easily and as softly as she could.

"Hello, Verne, are you there?"

No answer . . . just a long silence. It must have been half a minute.

At last he answered. "Yes" was all he said.

It is difficult trying not to be dramatic, nor sentimentally maudlin . . . nor as personal as this column has turned out.

One of the true, genuine delights of living is watching your children grow up and endeavoring to compare their impressions, reactions and habits with your own at the various age levels.

Hero worship is one stage that leaves an indelible impression. Jack Dempsey . . . Babe Ruth . . . Lou Gehrig . . . Red Grange . . . the Four Horsemen . . . Bobby Jones . . . Bill Tilden.

Remember those names in the years that someone once dubbed the Era of Wonderful Nonsense and the Golden Age of Sport?

So you try to penetrate the mist of time to evaluate your own feelings of decades past and compare them with those of your offspring.

The conclusion is firm agreement with Carlyle, who once said, "Worship is transcendent wonder."

So it was with Verne and his "transcendent wonder" of Ernie McAfee.

CHANGE IN BEHAVIOR AT SCHOOL

When he returned from School Monday (the day after the accident), he said, "I behaved in school today. I was good. I did it for Ernie." Unless you know him, this is earth-shocking.

At one of the Palm Springs races, some time back, he moved in behind Ernie, seated in the Ferrari, and motioned me to take a photograph of the two. Later, I told him it didn't turn out.

But when Christmas came and he opened his packages, his greatest joy was an 11x14 framed blowup of Ernie McAfee on the starting grid, with an 11-year-old boy standing proudly behind him. And wonder of wonders!—on the lower right-hand side of the photo, it said in Ernie's OWN handwriting. "Good Luck Verne, from Ernie McAfee."

HE WANTED TO SEE ERNIE'S PLACE

Our office is a few blocks from Ernie's place of business. One night a few weeks ago, Verne was with me in the office. Before heading for home, he asked if I



VERNE

To Him Ernie Was the Greatest

(Continued on Page 4, Cols. 1-2)

5 Dead, 16 Injured in Italy's Mille Miglia; Castellotti Wins

4 Drivers Die Within 24 Hrs.

BRESCIA, ITALY, April 29.—Death rode along the tortuous, rain-driven roads of Italy today during the running of the famous Mille Miglia.

Two drivers and three spectators were killed. Last reports had 16 injured. Ten of them were drivers and they were said to have been injured seriously.

The most fatality-ridden 1000-mile open road race in 18 years saw Italy's Eugenio Castellotti, 25, of Milan, triumph in a 3.5-liter Ferrari (it was not known whether it was a 12 or 4).

LEADS FROM START

Gunning his Ferrari through rain, hail and fog, Castellotti led from start to finish.

Pilots who met death were Wolfgang Piwko of Germany, and Max Berney of Switzerland.

John Heath, British pilot, suffered a brain concussion and other injuries, and was reported in serious condition.

Within the space of 24 hours on April 21-22, drivers representing the three major racing organizations in the U. S. were killed in separate accidents.

They were:

Ernie McAfee, SCCA sports car race at Pebble Beach, Calif.

Walt Faulkner, USAC stock car race at Vallejo, Calif.

John McVitty, NASCAR race at Langhorne, Pa.

McVitty, 32, White Plains,

N. Y., was killed during a qualifying lap for a NASCAR Grand National event, April 21. He lost control of his 1955 Chevy. When the door sprung open, he was thrown on the track.

And on April 22, in Knoxville, Tenn., James Harrison, 23, Oak Ridge, Tenn., was killed when a fan blade flew off his stock car and struck him in the head. He was working on the car just before he was to enter a race.

ing 137.442 kilometers per hour. Stirling Moss set the record last year—97.74 mph (157.650 kph).

Moss had a close call today. He dropped out after his Maserati skidded off a treacherous road just short of a precipice. This was 60 miles past the halfway mark.

'Challenge of the Century'

For the Knights, Caustic Comment

By Hoosier H. Hyram

Dedicated to:

The Knights without armor, who drove motored steeds,
Jostling over roads never meant for their speeds.
Back in the Gay Nineties, our story begins,
A new fangled invention with pistons and pins.
To tell of the Glory, the Racing and Deeds,
From the shops, in the pits, to your own car,
The Track leads.

THE UNFORTUNATE hastily quoted press release, undoubtedly taken out of context, of some prior statements by Bill Vukovich, that "You can't buy life insurance as a driver . . . and there are more widows than happy old couples in the racket" followed by the apparently uninformed teletype sentence, "Today Bill's wife is a widow . . . his children orphans" without insurance" prompted immediate unresearched repercussions from equally uninformed press, public and politicians, during the running of last year's Five Hundred Mile Race.

The conflict in comments from friends, foes, fans, listeners and nosy novices was so remarkable it prompted rebuttal commentary which resulted in suggestions urging further projection of the facts.

The Le Mans disaster, followed soon thereafter by the announcement that AAA was abandoning Auto Racing, led into a full scale survey of public opinion and extensive research lasting many months. Compilation of comments has been enumerated in Part I, provoking challenges to every citizen and in particular directed to the racing fraternity, including facts from racing's history in Part II, with present and future changes proposed in Part III.

PART I THE CHARGES: CRITICS: CAUSTIC COMMENTS

1. "Auto Racing should be outlawed. It sets a bad example of speed and exerts an exciting influence, resulting in a reckless urge. Speed kills!"—Lady Driver.

2. "Promoters should be prohibited from holding these slaughter spectacles, called Auto Races."—Man of Middle Age.

3. "The AAA has denounced racing as diametric to their safety program, therefore it should be prohibited by law."—Man and wife of the Model "T" era.

4. "Auto Racing is too dangerous to be called a sport."—High school girl.

5. "Nothing is now gained from Auto Racing, but a lot of precious lives are lost every year. It should be stopped."—Young Mother of four little boys.

6. "Auto racing is a racket not a sport. That guy Vukie that got killed said so."—Truck Driver.

7. "Auto Racing is a rich man's tax evading adventure. What they write

events in their race with death on obsolete highways."—Garage Man.

12. "Auto Races should not be permitted. They do not contribute to our progress in life saving. They are life taking instead."—League of Women Voters member.

13. "Nothing useful to the automotive world producing our ultra-modern cars, is now being performed by Auto Racing."—Auto Salesman.

14. "Auto Races as outdoor laboratory tests are a farce. Manufacturers have their own tracks and proving grounds far better suited for the purpose of testing their automobiles, than racing around small circuits and dirt tracks only fit for athletes, dogs and horseshoes."—Real Estate Broker.

15. "Auto Racers don't even use the rear view mirror, yet proudly claim its invention. Why?"—Lady Sports Car owner and race fan.

16. "Auto Racing is not a sport, it is sacrilegious."—Blue-Sunday couple against Sabbath fun.

17. "Manicuring Fair Grounds and horse tracks, maneuvering around air-ports and other makeshift areas is not Auto Racing, it is motorized manslaughter."—Members of the Safety Council.

18. "All sports have their own private arenas designed for their particular type of performance, but not the auto, it's still a horseless carriage following the horses around the dirt circuits."—Young couple, baseball fans. He, also golfer.

19. "Advocates maintain auto racing is a fair sport. Then it should main-

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 3)

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• Up the Straights

By Jim Mourning

SCRIVENER RISES IN DEFENSE OF PROJECTED RACE VENTURE

OF RECENT WEEKS, certain segments of doubt-plagued citizenry have evinced much verve and enthusiasm over the theory that the planned Los Angeles International Motor Raceway will never be anything more than a gleam in Kermit Pollack's eyes. Consequently, we got out our longest nose and began inserting it 'round about.

Now, we realize there's many a slip twix the clutch and the shift, but it's our opinion that the Raceway officials are operating in perfectly good faith. They fully intend to proceed with their plans as announced.

To begin with, the people in the know swear the terrain has already been given a quick shave (it was once part of a vineyard) and that soil massaging is due to start before this column reaches print. Original plans for an immediate, all-out effort were regeared when it was learned that it would be impossible to have access roads improved by mid-summer. And the traffic engineer had labeled this a "must."

A goodly portion of the doubt expressed over this venture has been occasioned by individual sleuthing which has turned up no area that shows signs of having its landscape rearranged. In order to clear up this confusion, a spokesman for the Raceway has offered to supply a bus to transport the supine forms of newshawks out to the site for a look-see.

SIGHTSEEING TRIP

Peculiarly enough, at this writing, this column is the only one that has called and expressed a willingness to make its carcass available for transporting. (Editor's Note: There were others.)

A second arguing point of the I-doubt-it kiddies is that if this group was for real, it would get someone who knows racing to head it up. They take pains to point out that Pollack himself admits he knows nothing dicing in any form.

But leave us take a look at the logic of this situation. Despite the anguished cries it's certain to wring from some Rins-white amateur enthusiasts, we'll repeat what we've said many times before. Racing is big business. And 12,000,000 soap chips make a really big bubble bath. Just because a man

can tune a car by ear, reel off a vast history of dicing or tool a car like a bat out of Pasadena doesn't qualify him to handle this kind of gelt.

THE DOLLAR FIRST

If we may be so crass, leave us suggest that one and all take a look at the local clubs, one guided by some pretty sharp business chappies, and see which one comes up dipping black ink at the end of the fiscal year.

The Raceway isn't and doesn't pretend to be a sponsoring or sanctioning body. All the details of actual race production will undoubtedly be handled by the organization or promoter packing each individual event.

Another pet idea advanced is that the 470-acre site can't possibly accommodate the planned facilities. What is apparently overlooked is the fact that many races are run in areas as small or smaller. The entire island of Monaco, for instance, is only 370 acres, yet it holds the Grand Prix of Monaco (sometimes called the Monte Carlo Grand Prix) and hosted the Grand Prix of Europe in 1955.

NO RACING BACKGROUND

Admittedly, Quinton Engineering has no background in the design of a successful raceway. On the other hand, neither are they a bunch of office boys doodling on a scrap of old wrapping paper. And they had plenty of suggestions, both from national and international luminaries, before the plans finally jelled.

Last, but by no means least, are the commitments which the organization has made, including the tie-up for a Grand Prix before the year is out (An item predicted in this column some months back). Although this is vaguely conceivable, it seems somehow fantastic to believe they would become so involved merely for window dressing.

THE SECOND GROUP?

On the other hand, many of these same doubting laddies are prone to believe a second raceway organization on the basis of just one thing—conversation. In all probability, this second group is sincere and should be given an attentive ear. But why believe one while being so dubious of the other?

Quite frankly, we can't figure it out either.

• Vignettes

(Continued from Page 3)

would drive him to Ernie's. I stopped in front and he told me to turn off the engine. He paced the frontage, staring at the Ferraris and other foreign marques in wonderment.

Ten days ago, the boy posed a stopper, "Daddy," he queried, matter-of-factly, "do you know whose picture has been in MOTORACING the most times?"

"Nope."

"Ernie's," he answered proudly. "Fourteen times."

And that was the way it went.

The white, live rabbit he got just before Easter was named Ernie.

That may sound funny to you.

But it really isn't—if you understand the relationship of a boy and his idol.

RACING MOVIES!

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Driver Killed, 2 Injured in Rallye Mishap

One man was killed and two others seriously injured when the Jaguar roadster in which they were competing in a rallye plunged down a 200-foot embankment in Piuma grade in the Malibu mountains last Saturday night.

Dead was Roger S. Brown, 20, 2735 Forrester Drive, Los Angeles, driver of the car, which missed a right-hand turn, hurtling through brush and rock and turning over several times.

Taken to Valley Receiving Hospital were the victim's brother, James H. Brown, 25, 1631 Idaho St., Santa Monica, and George A. Davies, 19, 233 No. Carmelita St.

Witnesses said Davies flew out of the car on the first roll-over. The younger Brown was pinned under when the car came to rest upside down.

Four County fire trucks, the Highway Patrol and Sheriff's units assisted in the rescue work.

Scene of the mishap is three miles above the Montevideo fire station.

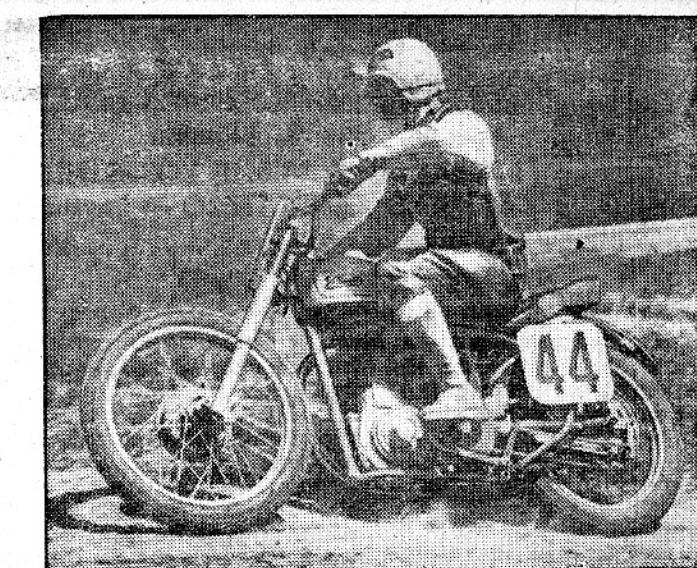
It is believed of the three, only the driver was strapped in with a safety belt.

The accident happened about half an hour after the start of the "No One Got Lost Rallye," staged by the Santa Monica 4-Cylinder Club. Starting point was at 4th and Olympic, Santa Monica.

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Three riders from Washington state, Bud Budschat and Gerhard Swanberg, Seattle, and Boris Buczynsky, Fort Lewis, are considered top cycle racers. Budschat will be riding a Matchless while Swanberg will ride an English-made B.S.A., in the main event. Buczynsky, an Austrian champion, will ride a Puch in the Saturday race only.



ONE of the top favorites in the sixth annual Catalina Grand Prix Motorcycle Race, May 5-6, is Johnny McLaughlin. Overall winner in 1953 in both classes and both days of racing, McLaughlin will attempt to repeat this year. He will ride a specially-prepared 15 cubic inch Velocette with a 5-speed transmission, flown here for this event from England, on Saturday. Sunday, he goes in a 30½ cubic inch Velocette "scrambles" model.

So. Calif. Cyclists Favored

Sports cyclists from all Pacific Coast states, Arizona, Hawaii and several mid-western states battle for winner's trophies Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6 in the sixth annual Catalina Grand Prix motorcycle races.

Southern California riders are favored for top honors, with four former winners, all Southern Californians, entered and in top condition.

Past winners are Nick Nicholson, Long Beach, 1952; Johnny McLaughlin, Duarte, 1953; James Johnson, Hollywood, 1954; and James (Bud) Elkins, 1955.

Three riders from Washington state, Bud Budschat and Gerhard Swanberg, Seattle, and Boris Buczynsky, Fort Lewis, are considered top cycle racers. Budschat will be riding a Matchless while Swanberg will ride an English-made B.S.A., in the main event. Buczynsky, an Austrian champion, will ride a Puch in the Saturday race only.

Saturday's race is 60 miles in length, while Sunday's Grand



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Checkered Flag

By Art Laurin
Los Angeles Times Columnist

WRITER HITS PEBBLE RACING, SEES SPORT IN JEOPARDY

FOLLOWING THE FOURTH Pebble Beach meet in 1953, this writer pointed out that modified machines were too fast for the 2.1-mile, hilly, sinuous course which nature booby-trapped with pine trees and drainage ditches.

Your chronicler went on to plead for more properly planned airport circuits. On such tracks a spin-out, or worse, would at least give a driver a chance to fracture feelings rather than bones—as was the unfortunate case during the grim seventh running of Pebble.

Racing is a calculated risk for participant and spectator. However, since this sport is, theoretically, an "amateur" activity wherein competitors work off their "I've-gotta-live-dangerously" libido, at least protect the helmet-brigade by forcing them to compete as sanely and as safely as possible on circuits sans obstructions.

They who race pour le sport do not mash accelerators for "meat on the table." They're in it for laughs and trophies. However, the way people are driving, with grim faces, churning stomachs and shaking hands—they act more like fighter pilots who have to bomb the bridge of Toko-Ri rather than happy-chappies out to have fun!

A LE MANS HORROR WAS AVERTED

There is another thing to consider: SPECTATOR SAFETY. This historian was on the scene when Ernie McAfee got the ultimate checkered flag. Had that unyielding pine tree NOT been there, the sport would have had a "Le Mans" horror off its escutcheon. There were people, at least four deep, bellying up to the snow-fencing barely a dozen feet behind the fatal pine tree. The Ferrari could have easily hurtled that intervening space and—you imagine the rest!

It is all well and good for some "Purist Yo-Yo" to hotly cry, at this point, "What about the daily slaughter in ordinary traffic?" Such an argument is pointless. Sports car racing is an elective affair, whereas, alas, our present economy makes driving vital to the normal pursuit of life, liberty and happiness.

The sport is in danger of being banned in California! That your writer happens to know. He is fighting to avoid such an eventuality. Undoubtedly every other chronicler of sports car racing is likewise battling to save the sport. But this pundit and his contemporaries need support from the clubs staging and sponsoring future races!

ERRATIC DRIVERS MUST BE BLACK-FLAGGED

The races MUST have every imaginable safeguard. Spectators MUST have the utmost protection—if it means lining every inch of the way with hay bales or beautyrest mattresses. Erratic drivers MUST be black-flagged regardless of who they are, how popular they may be or how long they have been racing. And by erratic driving your scrivener means any person, senior or novice, who is obviously exceeding the abilities both of himself and machine. There should be an end to the custom of allowing people to beat themselves driving one type of machine in a rugged semi-main and then turn right around, minus proper rest, and repeat the grind—this time in a different, more powerful squatster! Or don't club officials believe in such a thing as pilot-fatigue which can cloud faculties and impair judgement!

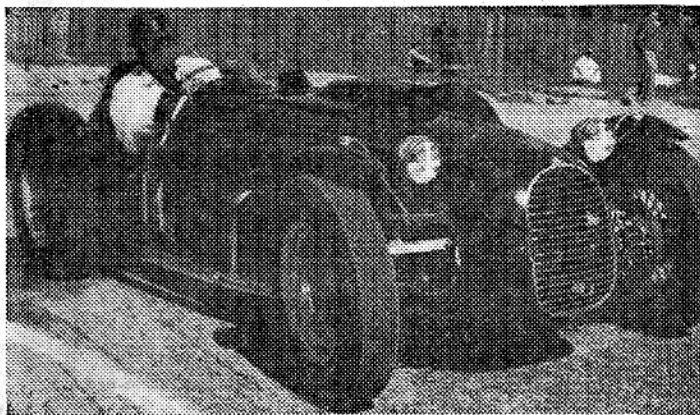
And there has to be sanity in running these events. The sport cannot afford another example such as was set by Pete Lovely at Pebble when he had throttle linkage difficulties during the under 1500cc modified semi-main. Inspired, no doubt, by battle heat, Mr. Lovely let his judgement zoom into the stratosphere and finished the race by driving with one hand fastened to a carburetor of his Porsche engine. He only had one hand on the wheel of his special. To further pursue this matter it means that he had a relinquish the wheel entirely, while driving at speed, in order to gear up or down!

A DANGER TO SPECTATORS, DRIVERS

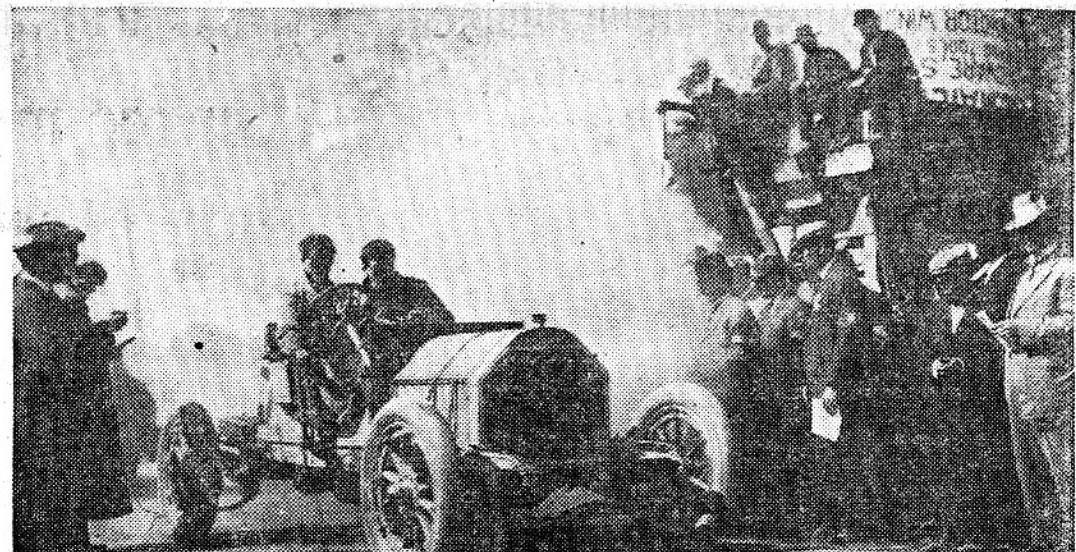
Evidently the fact that such conduct endangered both spectators and other participants occurred neither to Mr. Lovely nor to the San Francisco Region SCCA officials conducting the race. That body of people should have its bottom paddled for not having black-flagged Lovely off the course. However, to show the sort of double-think Sangfroid exhibited by sponsoring club it even gave him a good sportsmanship award for his remarkable action;

It is later than you think! The burgomeisters' faces are suffusing with purple. They are getting ready to hang Mr. Lovely off the course. However, to show the sort of double-think Sangfroid exhibited by sponsoring club it even gave him a good sportsmanship award for his remarkable action;

PARTS BIN . . . Bill Pollack stated emphatically that the Carstens "Stove Bolt" Special at Pebble lived up to all expectations, engine and brake-wise. "We are convinced that the Chevvy V-8 has potentially as much power as anything in the country (sic). Our brakes are excellent. Ted Halibrand and Goodyear are to be congratulated for the spot brakes. The one thing that stopped us was chassis handling. We simply assumed that what had been one of the finest handling chassis in the world (the HWM) would remain such: this was not true! The front end of the car had enormous adhesion to the road; in contrast, however, the rear wheels disliked the road surface. Apparently we had the wrong kind of tires, the rear rims were not wide enough to prevent tire roll and the rear springs themselves had not been properly modified. I feel that this car potentially is still one of the fastest in the country and it lacks only the solution of some chassis problems to make this prediction (sic) come true."



BILL POLLACK IN THE CARSTENS 'STOVE BOLT'



ONE OF the 14 cars that competed in California's first road race, the California Grand Prize Race, rolls up to the starting line at Santa Rosa, on May 9, 1909. The 52-mile long race, which was held over country roads, started and ended here.

Ben Noonan of Santa Rosa, driving a Stoddard Dayton, was the winner. He covered the distance in an hour and four minutes. Races are slated at the Sonoma County Airport, near Santa Rosa, on May 19-20. Races are part of Rose Festival.

History-tinged Races at Santa Rosa

CALIFORNIA road racing literally will be returning to its birthplace on May 19 and 20, when the second annual Rose Festival Road Races are held at the Sonoma County Airport, near Santa Rosa. The California Grand Prize Race, the first road race held in the West, was held at Santa Rosa in May of 1909.

Fourteen cars competed on a 52-mile course laid out on the public roads of Sonoma County. The race, which started and finished in Santa Rosa, was presented by the long since forgotten Sonoma County Automobile Association, and drew fans and entries from all over the northern part of the state.

Ben Noonan, a reluctant competitor from Santa Rosa, drove a Stoddard Dayton to first place in an hour and four minutes, a time just short of miraculous, considering the rugged country roads of yesterday. Only six cars finished, including another Stoddard Dayton, driven by Fred

Wiseman of Berkeley, the only one of the original drivers still about. He will possibly be on hand as honorary official at the Rose Festival races. He came in third in the 1909 event, and later went on to become a famous pioneer aviator.

This year's main event, the 75-miler for over-1500cc cars with senior drivers aboard, will be named in honor of its predecessor, the California Grand Prize Race.

A second 75-miler is for under-1500cc cars. There will be a number of lesser events, including novice races and production car events.

The Rose Festival Races are being co-sponsored by the Highwaymen Sports Car Club and the Santa Rosa Junior Chamber of Commerce, and are being held in connection with the annual Luther Burbank Rose Festival. The San Francisco Region of the Sports Car Club of America is sanctioning the events and putting them on. Last year, almost 180 cars competed at Santa Rosa.

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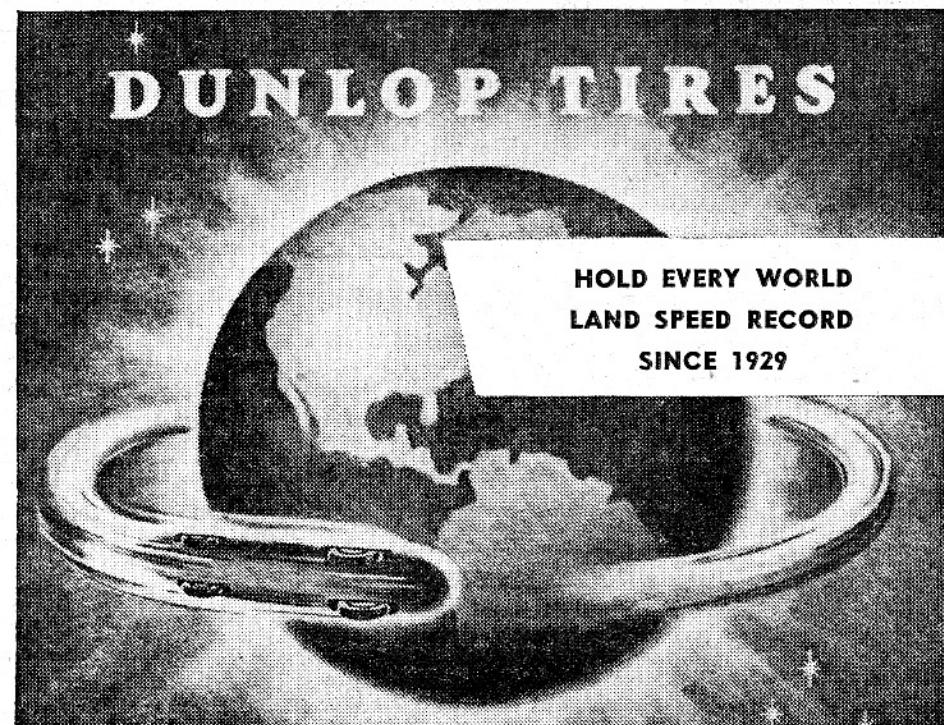
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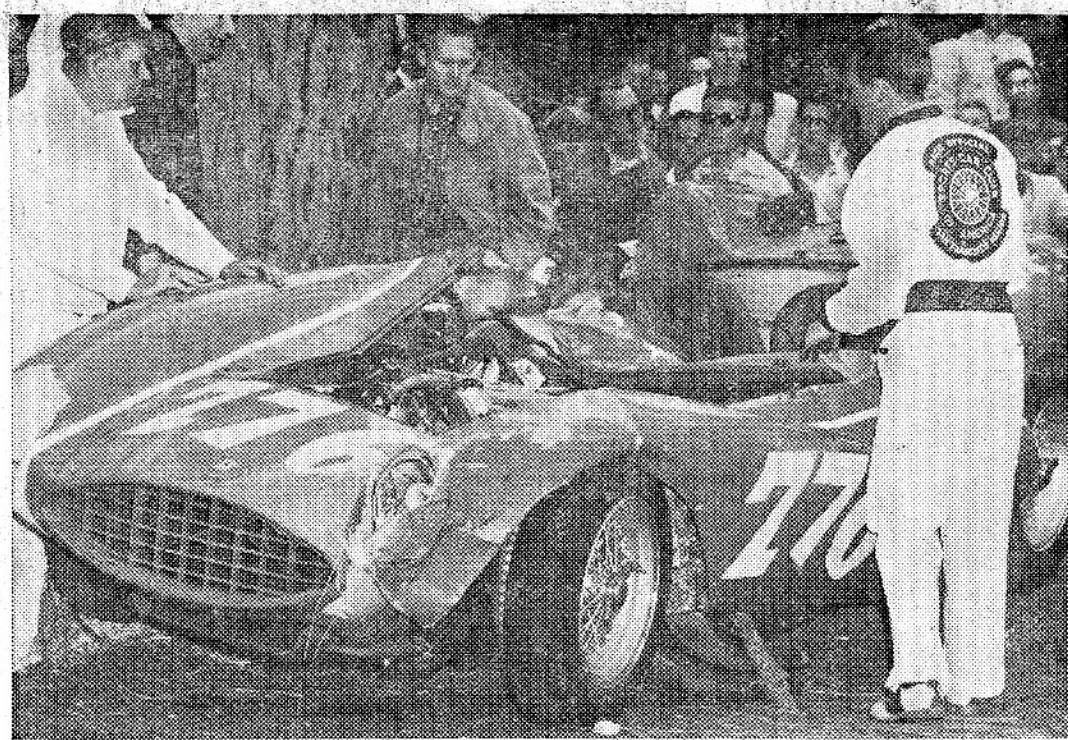
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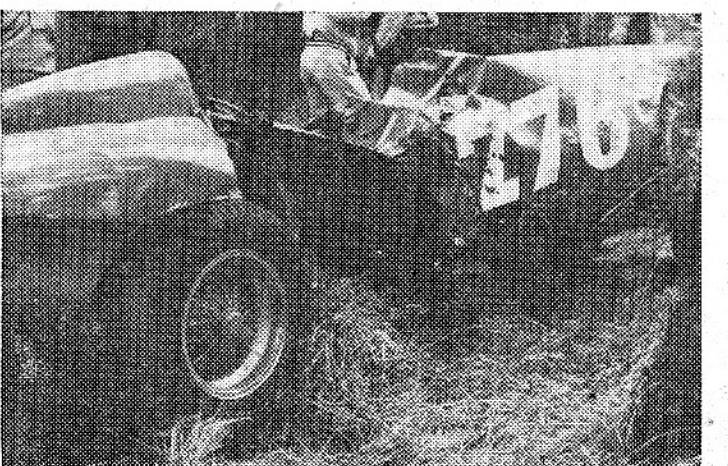
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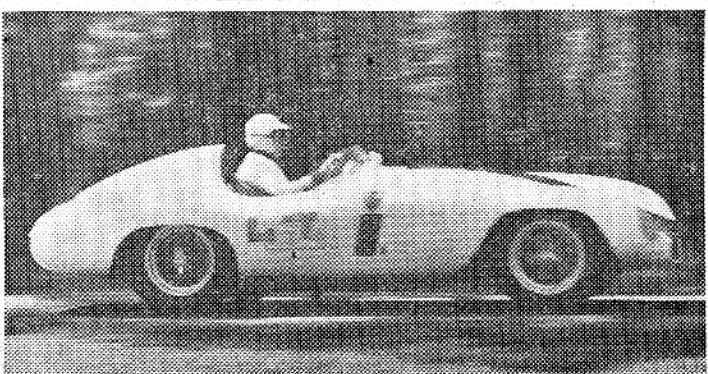
Calendar of Events

May 4, Motorcycle races, Gardena Stadium, 8 p.m.
 May 5, CRA sprints and roadsters, Gardena Stadium, 8:30 p.m.
 May 6, Jalopy races, Gardena Stadium, 2:30 p.m.
 May 6, NASCAR 200-lap stock car race, Gardena Stadium, 8:30 p.m.
 May 5-6, Motorcycle Grand Prix. Motorcycles races Catalina Island.
 May 6, Grand opening, San Gabriel Valley drag strip, River Grade Rd., just south Arrow Highway, 10 a.m.
 May 6, Road Race Training Association, controlled heat races, time trials; Mile Square Auxiliary Field, near Costa Mesa; 8 a.m., safety inspection.
 May 6, So. Arizona Sports Car Club road races, Willcox, Ariz.
 May 6, Arrowhead FCC "Ups and Downs" Rally.
 May 6, Southwest SCC "Rallye De No Snail-O."
 May 7, 500cc Club, No. Hollywood Park Field House.
 May 12, RRR pro sports car races, Gardena Stadium, 8:30 p.m.
 May 12-13, SCCA International Rally, Santa Anita to Ensenada.
 May 12-13, CSCC Press On Regardless Rally to Las Vegas.
 May 13, 500cc open house, 8 a.m., 631 North Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles.
 May 19-20, Cal. SCC Bakersfield

THANKS, SIMCA DEALERS
 Southern California dealers of the popular French Simca automobile helped make possible the strong pictorial presentation of this Ernie McAfee and Walt Faulkner Memorial Edition of MOTORACING. They donated the added space necessary to pay tribute to the two beloved drivers.

Provisional results:

Production—1. Rod Boyter, MG TF, 4:35; 2. Walt Stone, MG TD, 4:42.9; 3. Robert Spurlock, MG TD, 4:42.14; 4. Merl Francisco, Triumph TR2, 4:43.12; 5. Spence McConnell, MG TD, 4:44.15.
 Sedan — 1. Ronald Steiner, VW, 4:49.7; 2. Scott McKenzie, VW, 4:46.16; 3. J. R. Van Rhyn, VW, 5:00.1.
 Specials—1. Don Eisner, VW, 4:31.6; 2. John E. Hill, Spec, 7:09.03; 3. Ira Cobb, Spec, 7:23.6.
 MG Car Club of America—1. Clark Whitney, MG TC, 4:21.4; 2. Ben Bloemendal, MG TD, 5:01.4; 3. Don Sanders, Triumph TR2, 5:08.



SHELBY'S FERRARI COMES OUT OF TURN 6

Marvin Reichler

Ernie M'Afee Dies in Pebble Beach Crash

(Continued from Page 1)

hand drive. Ernie never had a chance.

The tragedy, which shocked the racing world the same day Walt Faulkner met death in a Vallejo stock car race, occurred about 4 p.m. last April 22.

SUFFERS SKULL FRACTURES

Immediate cause of death was laceration of the brain due to multiple comminuted, depressed skull fractures.

Carroll Shelby, 33, Dallas oilman, who eventually won the 100-mile Pebble feature for the big-bores, and Phil Hill, were in front of Ernie. He was still very much in it, hard-pressed by Jack McAfee, who was between 25 and 50 yards behind when the accident happened.

What happened?

Josh Hogue of the sponsoring San Francisco Region SCCA race committee turned over to MOTORACING a comprehensive report after checking with officials who witnessed the accident.

OVER 100 MILES PER HOUR

Jack McAfee was pushing hard for about five laps. The two, along with Shelby and Hill, were hitting at least 110 mph on the downhill grade heading into the No. 6 hairpin turn.

Reports indicate that in deaccelerating a little more than 250 yards before the turn, Ernie apparently missed his downshift, leaving him at the mercy of brakes alone as he closed on the turn. Finally engaging the gear as he was bearing left toward the announcers, the big Ferrari started fishtailing and Ernie braked hard.

The shock whipped the car off to the right, or he tried to correct. Striking the soft shoulder and hay bale, the Ferrari skidded on its nose, the tail 10 feet up in the air. The entire skid, as the graphic chart by Staff Artist Bill Harmer on page one of this issue shows, was about 125 feet.

WHIRLING CAR SLASHES INTO TREE

At that tremendous speed, the tail still airborne, the machine whirled to the left again as it slashed into the tree. They had to use crowbars to extricate his broken body.

Jim Wall, S.F. Chronicle editorial writer, who was on the scene, said, "He was driving at least 100 mph when he lost it. Skidded over 100 feet on its nose."

Clark McCartney, SCCA Activities chairman, said the speed was in excess of 100 mph and the complete skid close to 200 feet.

Dick Cook, announcer directly across from the scene of the accident, reported, "He fishtailed as he came in and pointed toward us. Then he veered to the right, struck the bale, nosed over, leaned sideways and skidded into the tree. It struck with the rear end 10 feet off the ground. Must have been hitting 110 as he came in and started fishtailing."

Bob Colvig, another announcer, agreed with Cook's version. The turn marshal was too far away.

The tree was about 75 yards from turn 6, just before entering the main straight.

THEY WERE ALL COMING IN FAST

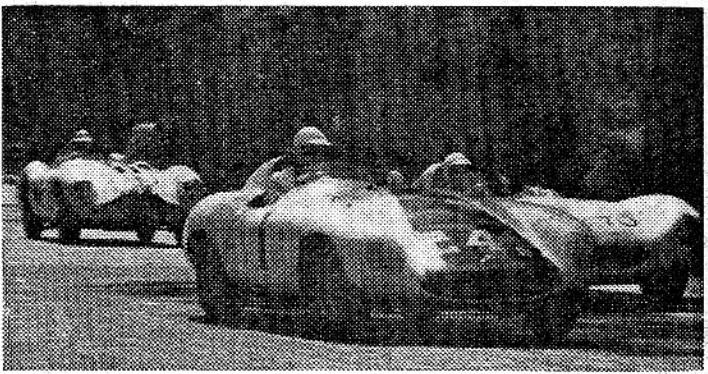
They were all coming in fast at that point—not only Ernie. Not too widely separated from Ernie, Pearce Woods, whose D-Jag had gone out with locked brakes shortly before the mishap, was turning 6000 in third gear.

Jack McAfee felt Ernie prolonged his braking to see if he could pass John von Neumann, who was in front of him at the time. He may have missed the shift and froze on the brakes. Jack saw the car going off sideways, getting airborne as it hit the ditch and hay. Jack, himself, was shutting off before the fifth marker, which is 250 yards from the turn, because he was too highly overgeared.

Bill Pollack, in the HWM Chevvy-powered "Stove Bolt," was hitting around 125 in that general area.

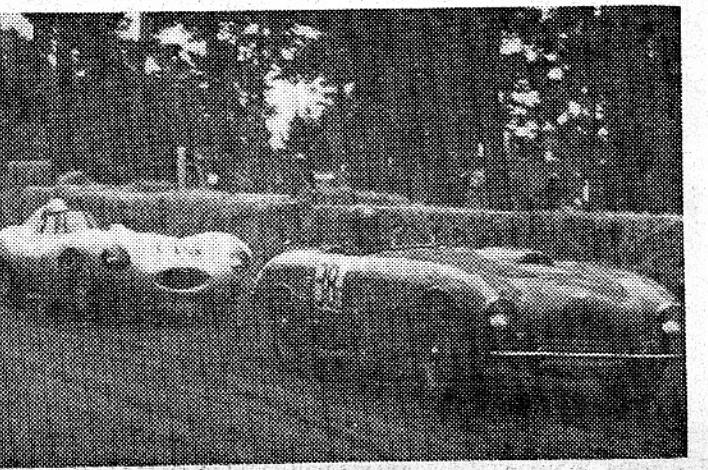
Some drivers had found the general area where Ernie began fishtailing slick from burnt rubber. The adhesion was different from other parts of the track and the need was for less than maximum brakes.

(Continued on Page 8, Cols. 1-2)



Marvin Reichler

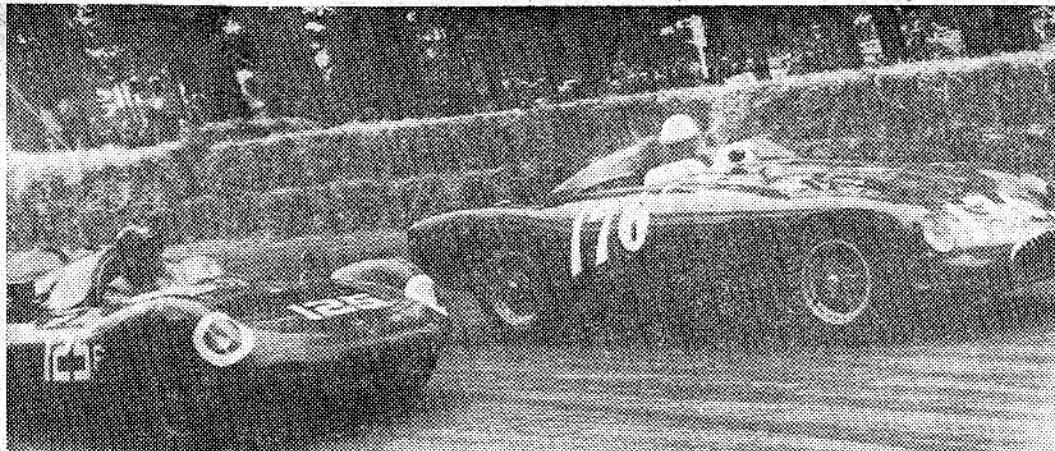
SHELBY LEADS WOODS, FOLLOWED BY JACK GRAHAM



Gayle Davis

MARION LOWE FOLLOWED BY PEARCE WOODS

Santa,
Rosa Races
are
Best!



ERNIE McAFFEE (OSCA) TURNS AS PETE LOVELY NEARS

Lester Nehamkin

If It Happened to Ernie It Can Happen to Anybody

(Editor's Note—Thanks to Len Pruyne and *BADGE BAR JOURNAL*, No. Calif. publication, *MOTORACING* is able to offer its readers an excellent story on the Ernie McAfee tragedy by William Nolan. Len sent us a carbon of this story, which appears as the Southwest Circuit in the next issue of *BADGE BAR JOURNAL*.)

By William Nolan

CARROLL SHELBY and Phil Hill were one-two up there ahead of him, blasting their Ferraris around the narrow, tree-lined 2.1 mile course. Now he was in the 33rd lap of the Pebble Beach Del Monte Cup race and moving toward the leaders. He could still do it. It would mean pushing the big powder-blue 4.4 Ferrari harder than he'd ever pushed it before, but he could still do it, and that was all that mattered.

At full throttle he came down the long back straight, the engine screaming, toward turn six. The cut-off markers leaped at him and he held his speed for as long as possible. Every inch counted. Now, downshift! He hit the brake—and missed his shift. The turn rushed up at better than 100 mph! Instinct took sudden command; his foot froze on the brake pedal. Tires howling, the big blue car skidded off the road, struck one of the hay bales and smashed into a pine, bouncing 10 feet into the air. The hay settled. The yellow flags were out. The crowd along the snow-fence stilled.

Ernie McAfee was dead—the first fatality in seven years of Pebble Beach racing.

The official reports listed the cause as brake failure. A lot of people disagree. They believe that Ernie missed his shift and braked too hard. "He was on the brakes all the way into the bales," one eye-witness reported. Whatever the reason, one fact is quite clear; he lost control and was killed.

KNEW THE RISK

It makes us think, we who love road racing. When it can happen to a top-flight driver like McAfee, it can happen to anybody. But, we knew that all along. So did Ernie. When he climbed behind the wheel of his potent power-plant on the starting grid he knew the risk he was taking, what would happen if something went on the car, if he made a mistake out there at speed. Like all of the men who race fast cars, he was well aware of the danger connected with the sport.

The late Walt Faulkner once summed it up: "When you mash the fast-button on a race car," he said, "you can see a little guy with a harp riding right up there over the left front wheel. The faster you go the bigger he gets."

DEATH PART OF IT

As long as road racing continues to exist death will be a part of it. It is a part we don't like to think about, or talk about, but it is there. We must remember, however, that it is a part of almost every sport to some degree and that, in comparison to the number of events which are run, it is a very small and remote part. Let the "ban

racing" critics read the statistics in their newspapers and compare them with just one week's toll on our state highways.

Ernie McAfee's death was the first in Northern California Sports Car racing history. Let us hope it will be the last.

Aside from the McAfee tragedy, Pebble Beach was a rousing success. The Concours was beautiful, the weather dry, the track fast. Many cars new to WestCoast racing made their initial bows. Among these, the most astonishing was the big (4346cc) new Chevy Corvette, which took second overall in the capable hands of Dick Thompson. Aside from stiffer shocks and steel brakes, the Corvette was a strictly production model. Thompson, who led through most of the race against a field of hard-driven Jags and 300SL's, was finally headed by Tony Settember when the Chevy's brakes began to grab in the last laps. Thompson was roundly cheered for his effort. Looks as though Detroit may be hitting pay-dirt at long last. And rumor has it that the '57 Corvette will feature better suspension, better brakes and an even better mill under the bonnet!

Two Cooper-Climax bombas made an appearance at Pebble, their first in this country aside from Sebring. The car looks like the rear deck has been neatly snipped off with a pair of giant scissors. The cars were very impressive, finishing one-two in their class, the little 1097cc engine delivering a lot of punch. John Fox and Harry Banta drove the two winners. A pair of sleek Aston Martin DB3's also put up a good showing in class D, and looked very fast out of the turns. Bill Pollack did his best at the helm of the big HWM Special (once driven by Stirling Moss in Europe) but he couldn't corner with the Ferraris. Charles Rezzaghi's beautiful Alfa Disco lost out in E class to Marion Lowe's Frazer Nash.

PEBBLE BEACH SIDELIGHTS

One of the most spectacular driving jobs of the weekend, in this writer's opinion, was turned in by Harry Everly in his tiny (736cc) Crosley Special. Harry would continually blis-



Vignolle & Powell

PETE LOVELY works desperately to start his Pooper after throttle linkage broke, forcing him out on turn 3. He resumed, holding cable with left hand, and finished fourth in under-1500cc semi-main at Pebble Beach.

TOP BARGAIN

Bargain of the year. \$2 for one full year of *MOTORACING*. Blank on Page 3.

Gene Simon
ERNIE McAFFEE AND PHIL HILLVignolle & Powell
BILL DAVID took his eyes off course a split second to wave to Chick Leson and plowed into the hay on turn 3 in under-1500cc race. It happened on cool-off lap. Bill finished 11th at Pebble Beach.

ter the red car through turn six in a long slide that always brought him within inches of the stacked bales. Magically, he would power out every time. It was a weird and wonderful thing to watch!

SOUNDS AND SIGHTS TO REMEMBER

The ragged thunder of Fred Knoop's Healey 100-S punching out of six. Bob Oker's nip-n-tuck with Roy Jackson-Moore. Jim Parkinson's battle in his 100-S Healey to hold off Carveth's Aston Martin. Visitor Ken Miles, seated atop the Road and Track bus, clocking his old green "flying shingle" MG in Saturday's practice. Jack Douglas, out for his first run in his new canary-yellow D-Jag, swapping ends on turn six . . . and the sight of a little competition Crosley being towed home by a polar-white Mercedes-Benz 300 SL!

My next stop will be Bakersfield and the Thunderbird-Corvette hassle is still the Big News there. A boy to watch, among a lot of fast iron, will be Ed Tomerlin (chairman of the Kern County Club co-sponsoring the event) out for the first time in a Super Speedster. Ed is the Porsche leadfoot who split an MG-A victory smack down the middle at Palm Springs recently, coming in for a second overall just ahead of Jim Parkinson.

Race date is May 19-20 on the Bakersfield airport circuit.

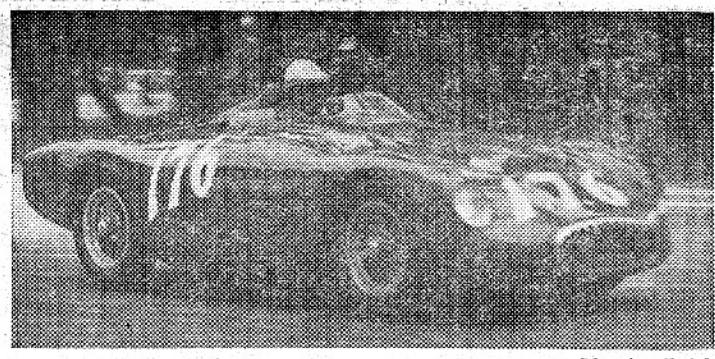
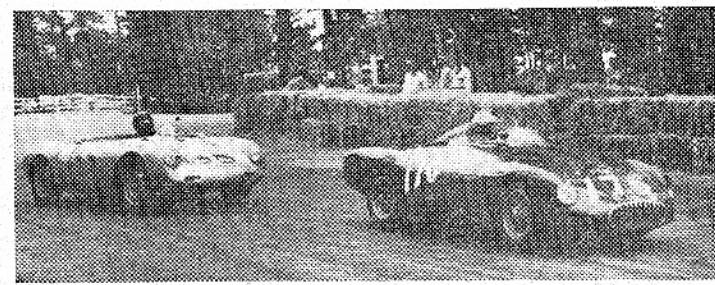
Andres Winner in 'Cycle 100-Miler'

WILLOW SPRINGS, Apr. 29—Brad Andres, San Diego's not-more-than-voting-age hotshoe, won the 100-mile AMA Grand Prix motorcycle speedfest here today on the 2½-mile Willow Springs Road Course before some 3,500 fans.

100-Mile Main Event—Brad Andres, Ed Kretz Jr., Dick Love, Carl Hanson, Ernest Stavenow, Neil Keen. Time: 1 hr. 16 min. 25-Mile Semi-Final—Charley Cripps, Tex Luse, C. H. Wheat, J. D. Williams. Time: 19:45.71. Heat race winners—Andres, Meier, Kretz, George Everett, Al Gunter, Love, Jack Schlaman, Hanson.

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Marvin Reichler
ERNIE IN THE OSCA, LATER FORCED OUTLester Nehamkin
ERNIE LEADS JACK McAFFEE IN UNDER-1500

If Faulkner's Words Singed You, It Meant Friendship

(Continue from Page 1)

there, you old so-and-so!" you knew that he'd given you the high-sign to exchange the latest risque stories, buy him a cup of coffee or just bat the breeze for a spell.

In 1951 we were fortunate enough to secure a commission from Wynn Oil Company to handle its public relations program at Indianapolis, simultaneously doing a like chore for Walt's car owner.

Consequently, we were thrown into pretty close and frequent contact with the 5 ft. 4 in. "Little Dynamo" whose pithy greetings were welcomed in every garage in Gasoline Alley.

It was only Walt's second season there, but his performance the previous year when he'd broken the one- and four-lap qualifying records hastened the establishing of speedway friendships for him. Everyone wanted to meet the guy who handled a National Championship car like it was another midget.

The jockey-sized Walt had blistered the bricks at 138.122 for a single 2½-mile tour and averaged 136.872 for the four-lap, 10-mile trip. He'd gone out scant minutes before the end-of-qualifications bomb sounded and gave the "whoozell is this newcomer" scoffers a genuine demonstration of sticking his foot clean through the fuel injectors. He ultimately finished seventh in the 500-miler.

Well, Walt promised us on our return in 1951 he'd repeat the performance we'd missed. It was pledged with a remark that intimated it was sheer rottenness on our part to have been 2000 miles away when he turned the trick in 1950.

His retort to our hinting that he'd "fixed" the timekeeper was an immediate and direct assurance that yours truly was doubtless the offspring of unwed Egyptian camels. Three-humped variety, no less.

At any rate, the little feller from Tell, Texas, nonchalantly hunched his 135 lb. frame into the Grant Piston Ring Special the second week of qualifications in 1951 as a non-record holder. Duke Nalon had scorched the speedway at 137.049 for one of his four trips and averaged 136.490 mph at the helm of one of those brutish Novi Specials opening day.

Walt's mount was late in arriving so he couldn't make his run until the following week. He picked up the pink slips on both records with another brickyard barbecueing—averaging 136.872 including a hot lap of 138.122.

When we saw him some minutes later in his garage he was ensconced on the workbench calmly puffing a stogie that all

but pulled his tiny torso onto the floor and accepting congratulations with an elfin-like grin.

We felt like 48 million bucks when Walt greeted us with, "Hey, you rotten so-and-so! Do you still think I fixed the timer?"

That's how I remember Walt best—that day, and during frequent meetings at other races.

He did notably well during his career—winding up second to Henry Banks for the 1950 AAA National Championship; placing well up in the Pan-American Road Races with the Lincoln team; winning an AAA stock car 100-miler at Del Mar with Al Dean's Plymouth; and doing well otherwise.

Only a few weeks ago at Phoenix he helped secure a mount for Tony Bettenhausen, whose original car blew up during practice. Tony had been given the big buildup—and it was essential that Tony get in the show. Walt was instrumental in talking another driver out of his car—even though Tony had much the better chance of beating Walt than the other chap.

On April 22 Walt was driving a 1956 Ford in a USAC stock car event at Vallejo—a track known for its viciousness. He was on a time trial lap, alone on the track as is the custom, going into turn No. 3—the top danger spot of all. He suddenly lost control, veered off the course and flipped about five times—meantime his body was flung halfway out the open window and he took a brutal beating from his gyrating mount. His injuries proved fatal in the Vallejo Hospital soon afterward.

We don't particularly enjoy being sworn at—but we'll sure as heck miss Walt's infectious, "Hey, you rotten so-and-so!"

Parsons Victor; Homeier Hurt

Johnnie Parsons, Van Nuys, ex-Indianapolis Speedway winner, won the 100-lap USAC midget auto race at Gardena Stadium, April 21.

100-lap main—Johnnie Parsons, Johnny Boyd, George Amick, Jimmy Reece, Edgar Elder. 28:02.32.

Fast Qualifier—Amick, 14.50. (New track record. Old record, 14.67, Dempsey Wilson, 1955.)

Heat races, six laps each: No. 1. Dick Reese, Don Edmonds, Jim Reece. 1:29.53. (New track record. Old record, 1:30.51, Joe Garson, 1955.) No. 2—Jimmy Davies, Frank Arni, Danny Oakes. 1:32.01. No. 3—Howard Kelley, Bill Homeier, John Tolani. 1:31.64. No. 4—Reese, Arni, Davies. 1:30.71.

15-lap semimain—Don Edmonds, Roy Prosser, Kelley, Bob Cortner, Troy Ruttman. 3:56.40.

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Proposed Raceway Signs With SCCA for Sept. Race

KERMIT POLLACK, president of U. S. Automotive Testing, Inc., developers and sponsors of the new multi-million dollar Los Angeles International Motor Raceway, this week announced contracts for the inaugural race at the course, a National Amateur event to be held Sept. 22-23, have been signed with the Los Angeles Region of the Sports Car Club of America.

Ignacio Lozano, president of the L. A. Region, represented the SCCA in final negotiations with Raceway officials.

America's finest drivers, including Phil Hill, Sherwood Johnston, Briggs Cunningham, Masten Gregory, and Carroll Shelby, among others, are expected to compete over the fully-paved, four and one-half mile road course.

The circuit incorporates a 6100-foot long straightaway where

the fastest cars will probably exceed 160 mph.

Practice is planned for Sept. 22, while Sunday's competition consists of sprint races for production cars over and under 1500cc and two feature events for modified sports cars over and under 1500cc.

The Raceway recently was granted a USAC sanction for the first American Grand Prix auto race in 20 years. The 330 mile event, first of its type since the Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island ceased operation in 1937, is planned for October, subject to FIA approval.

According to Pollack, a guaranteed purse of \$100,000 will be put up, with first place collecting \$30,000.

Ernie McAfee Death Stuns

(Continued from Page 6)

SHELBY HAS FISHTAILING EXPERIENCE

At one juncture, Shelby almost had a similar fishtailing experience before coming into turn 6. Shortly after the accident, Pollack missed his shift, taking the escape outlet on the turn, but quickly whipped around and booming into the straight.

It was the first fatality in seven runnings at Pebble and 40 races staged by the SF Region of the SCCA.

Ernie, racing for some 15 years dating back to motorcycles and what are now hot-rods, leaves his wife, Jean, who was at the course but did not see the accident; a six-months-old daughter, his father and a brother.

The popular driver, with long experience as an automotive engineer and builder of race cars, operated his own imported car agency on Sunset Blvd.

He competed in the Mexican road race in 1952 and 1953, scored his first overall sports car win at Santa Barbara last year, and reached the pinnacle last March when he won the under- and over-1500cc features both days with an OSCA and Ferrari, an unheard-of feat.

Ernie also was involved in the most thrilling climax to a sports car race in the West, last December at Palm Springs. He lost a thriller, nipped at the wire by 1/500th of a second by Masten Gregory, in a Maserati.

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HUNDREDS AT ERNIE'S FUNERAL

Hundreds attended his funeral at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Glendale. Interment followed at Forest Lawn Hollywood Hills.

Shelby, driving Allen Guiberson's 3-liter Ferrari, found no joy in winning, for he lost a good friend, Hill, the strong early leader in John von Neumann's 3.4 Ferrari (the one Fangio drove at Sebring), was third, followed by Jack McAfee, who won the under-1500cc semi-main in a Porsche Spyder, ahead of Jean Pierre Kunstle, both in Porsches.

Hill set a spectacular early pace, taking the lead quickly from Pollack and holding it for 28 laps. It seemed nobody would ever catch him. On the 13th lap he held a 22-second lead over Shelby, with Pollack, Woods, Jack McAfee and Ernie McAfee following in that order.

Either brake or shock difficulties, however, slowed him up, giving the lead to Shelby, who late in the going was pursued by Phil and the relentless Ernie.

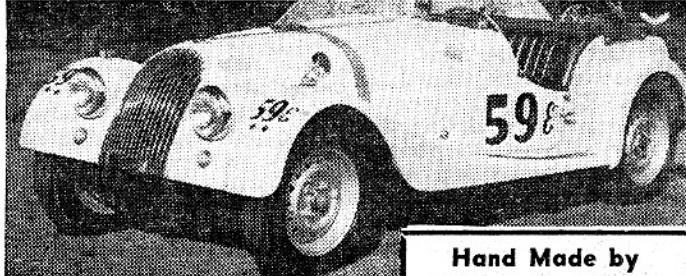
Shelby averaged 71.74 mph around the 2-1-mile tree-lined course. Complete charts appear on Page 9.

But at the finish, as most agreed, nobody cared about anything.

For Ernie McAfee was gone.

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New British Rapier in Local Debut

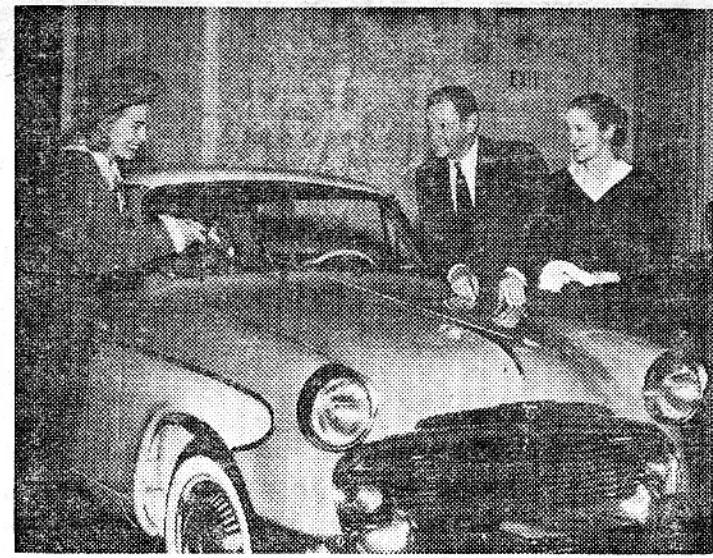
Designed specifically for the American market, the British Rapier Coupe de Sport, was unveiled last week at a private showing for the automobile trade and press at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

While the Rapier has the Continental styling of Rootes Sunbeam cars, this new English import incorporates many features geared to American automotive tastes. Among these are the popular two-door hardtop design, wrap-around rear window, spacious trunk area and a variety of two-color schemes.

The four cylinder, valve-in-head engine with a high compression ratio of 8 to 1 offers a top speed of over 95 mph and an economy of 30 miles per gallon. An additional refinement is the overdrive which is included as standard equipment, affording six forward speeds.

CY YEDOR RETIRES

Cy Yedor has retired from racing, and he has placed his OSCA on the block, he announced following the Ernie McAfee accident. Another report has Howard Wheeler hanging up his helmet.



RAPIER GIRL Bek Nelson points her blade at the new Sunbeam Rapier Coupe de Sport as Herbert Marshall, the actor, and Mrs. Marshall look on approvingly during the special showing at the Beverly Hills Hotel last week.

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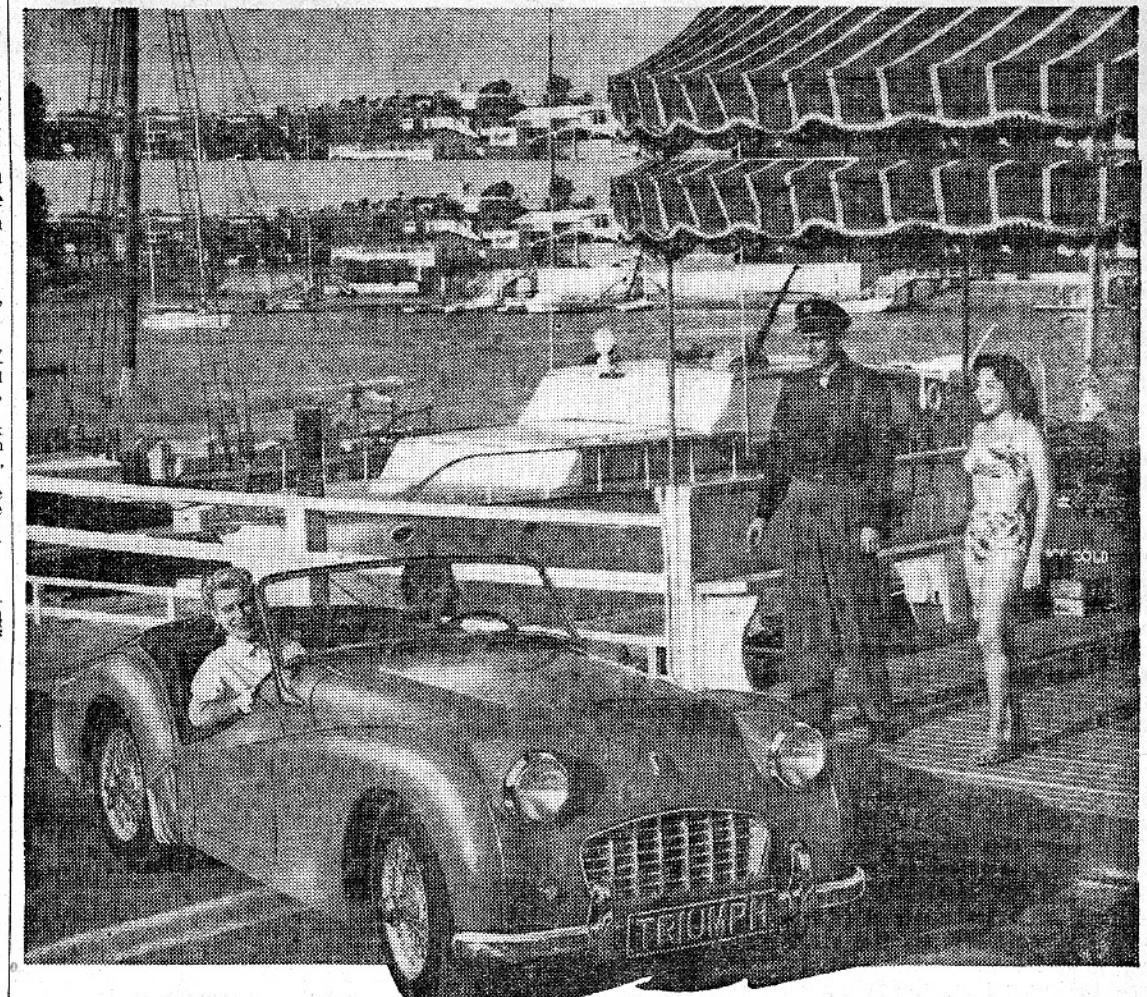
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other car made. But you'll have to drive it to experience this startling sensation yourself and discover what all TR-3 owners already know — It's FUN — It's a TRIUMPH!

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Pebble Beach Race Charts

SEVENTH ANNUAL PEBBLE BEACH ROAD RACES

April 22, 1956

Sports Car Club of America—San Francisco Region
(Compilation by MYRA JONES)

RACE No. 1—Production Cars Under 1500 cc. 15 Laps. 28:10.9. Avg. Speed 64.5. Fastest Time—83.5 mph. (Dale Johnson).

Pos.	Car No.	Driver	Make of Car	Class	Position
1	86	Dale Johnson	Porsche Carrera	1	
2	92	Skip Hudson	Porsche Spd.	2	
3	20	Don Dickey	Porsche Carrera	3	
4	91	George Gartung	Porsche Spd.	4	
5	107	Robert Domingo	Porsche Spd.	5	
6	60	E. Forbes-Robinson	MG A	6	
7	27	LeRoy Caverly	Porsche Carrera	7	
8	74	Jack Scoville	MGTF	8	
9	156	Frank Nau	MGA	9	
10	260	Robert Brigham	MGTF	(Disqualified)	1
11	33	Gordon Wilson	MGTD	(Disqualified)	2
12	22	Morrow Decker	MGTD	3	
13	52	Fraser Sibbald	MGTD	4	
14	212	Robert Potter	MGTF	5	
15	137	Charlotte Duncan	MGTF	6	
16	28	Anita Marshall	MGTD	7	

Did Not Finish
66 Jimmie Hughes, MG A. Engine failure (burned out bearing?)
128 Dennis Riley, MG TF. Hit hay on turn No. 1.
18 Starters (11F, 7G)—21 Eligible starters.

RACE No. 2—Production Cars over 1500 cc. 15 laps. 27:5 minutes

Pos.	Car No.	Driver	Make of Car	C	D	E
1	136	Anthony Settember	Mercedes 300SL	1		
2	45	Dick Thompson	Corvette	1		
3	183	Jim Peterson	Jaguar	2		
4	103	Ces Critchlow	Jaguar	3		
5	24	Cloyd Gray	Jaguar	4		
6	70	Fred Block	Jaguar	5		
7	82	Greg Teaby	Jaguar	6		
8	40	Jack Dalton	Austin-Healey	2		
9	96	Bob Byrd	Jaguar	7		
10	59	Bob Oker	Morgan 4			1
11	25	Roy Jackson-Moore	Austin-Healey	3		
12	143	Terry Cox	Jaguar	8		
13	47	Dale Furlong	Jaguar	9		
14	113	Leon Pittman	Austin-Healey	4		
15	48	G. Scott Baxter	Arnolt Bristol			
16	10	Lou Keller	Siesta			
17	72	Ed Fawcett	Triumph TR3			
18	129	Irving Robbins	Jaguar	10		
19	102	Jack Woodard	Austin-Healey	5		
20	200	William Snell	Triumph TR3			
21	95	Clifford Ricker	Triumph TR2			
22	84	Jack Ramsey	Jaguar	11		
23	244	Brad McNutt	Triumph TR3			
24	36	Len Pierotti	Triumph TR2			
25	122	George Riley	Lancia	6		
26	228	Austin Davis	Triumph TR3			
27	90	Virginia Schleicher	Arnolt Bristol			

Did Not Finish
60 Roy Storey, Corvette. Motor trouble.
69 Bob Weller, Jaguar. Engine burned up, blown freeze plug.
88 Bob Cole, Triumph TR3. Lost oil pressure.
112 Rudy Cleye, Mercedes 300SL. Overflow oil from breather caught fire.
130 Lew Bracker, Porsche Spd. Broken push rod.
160 Weldon Russell, Jaguar. Lost No. 6 cylinder.
33 Starters (14C, 7D, 12E)—38 eligible.

RACE No. 3—Vintage Car Race. 5 laps. Winning speed, 48.2 mph.

Pos.	Driver	Make of Car
1	Tom Carstens, Tacoma, Washington	1908 Benz.
2	Howard Campbell, Los Angeles	1908 Benz
3	Jesus Chavez, Mexico City	1913 Stutz

RACE No. 4—Modified Cars under 1500 cc—100 miles—1 hour 24:49.4

Avg. Speed 70.9. Fastest Time 93.7 mph. (Jack McAfee)

Pos.	Car No.	Driver	Make of Car	F	G	H
1	188	Jack McAfee	Porsche Spyder	1		
2	118	Jean Pierre Knustle	Porsche Spyder	2		
3	55	Sam Weiss	Porsche Spyder	3		
4	125	Pete Lovely	Porsche Cooper	4		
5	169	John Porter	Porsche Spyder	5		
6	159	William Escherich	Lotus	6		
7	104	Joe Hudson	Porsche Spyder	7		
8	140	Jack Duncan	MG Spd.	8		
9	12	Eldon Beagle	Porsche Spyder	9		
10	56	Troy McHenry	Porsche Spyder	10		
11	9	Bill David	OSCA	11		
12	6	John Fox	Cooper Climax	1		
13	7	Harry Banta	Cooper Climax	2		
14	75	W. R. Turner	Porsche Spyder	12		
15	154	Harry Eyerly	Crosley Spd.			
16	16	Jack Anderson	MG Spd.	13		
17	37	Don Miller	Crosley Spd.	14		
18	209	Ted Stander	MG Spd.	15		
19	89	Edward Boyd	Panhard	3		
20	73	Perry Peron	Crosley Spd.	4		
21	78	Bob Holbrook	Renault			
22	18	Vale Wright	MG Spd.	5		
23	123	R. W. Kastner				

Did Not Finish
17 Jim Orr, Devin Panhard. Devil troubles.

35 John Young, Young Sp.

53 Sal Teran, Knight Moretti. Bent left rear wheel, hit hay bent right front.

117 Chick Leson, OSCA.

148 William Hewitt, MG TD.

152 Jay Chamberlain, Lotus. Plugs fouled.

155 Peter Talbot, VW Spd.

176 Ernie McAfee, OSCA. Screw out of rotor.

196 Robert Dugan, Singer Spd. Out of turn 2.

198 Tip Blume, Crosley Spd. Not running right.

211 Richie Ginther, Porsche Spyder.

RACE No. 5—Modified Cars Over 1500cc—100 miles—1 hour 24:18

Avg. Speed 71.4. Fastest time, 102.8 mph. (Carroll Shelby)

Pos.	Car No.	Driver	Make of Car	B	C	D	E
1	24	Carroll Shelby	3.0 Ferrari	1			
2	2	Phil Hill	3.4 Ferrari	1			
3	98	Jack McAfee	3.4 Ferrari	2			
4	108	Louis Brero	Cad-Kurtis	1			
5	26	Sterling Edwards	3.0 Ferrari	2			
6	14	Bill Pollack	HWM Special	3			
7	51	Fred Woodward	Jag Special	4			
8	87	Dabney Collins	3.0 Ferrari	3			
9	99	Robert G. Gillespie	4.3 Maserati	5			
10	11	John von Neumann	3.0 Ferrari	4			
11	231	Jim Parkinson	Austin-Healey 100S	5			
12	44	John Barneson	Hagemann Special	2			
13	131	George Swift	Austin-Healey 100S	6			
14	106	Robert Witke	Austin-Healey 100S	7			
15	149	Ed Kretz	Triumph TR2	8			
16	213	Wm. Hanssen	Baldwin Special	6			
17	38	Marion Lower	Frazer Nash				
18	31	Wm. Pickford	Rosan Bristol				
19	85	Jack Tanner	Austin Healey	9			
20	21	Robert Louis	Louis Special	7			
21	54	Rodney Carevth	Aston Martin DB3S	10			
22	110	Russell May	Porsche Special	3			

Did Not Finish

65 Bill Murphy.

4 Jack Graham.

150 Hans Koelln.

42 Mick Marsten.

8 Charles Rezzaghi.

170 Pearce Woods.

58 C. Claire Wilson.

276 Ernie McAfee.

64 Fred Knoop.

119 Bill Friedauer.

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By Myra Jones

DATA ON NON-FINISHERS AT PEBBLE BEACH

Seventh Annual Pebble Beach Sports Car Road Race—April 22, 1956

JIM LOWE'S No. 39, Frazer Nash had a new aluminum body with a head rest. It was made by the Bourgeault Sport Company of Sausalito. During practice, he broke an axle and lost a wheel on Turn 6. Following several phone calls, it was found that the closest spare axle was in London. He had a spare for Marion's car (No. 38) but none for his car.

Mick Marston's Austin Healey Special, No. 42, popped a valve in practice. This car was built up from a Healey that had been totaled by a truck. Joe Hoffaker did the rework job.

No. 155, Peter Talbot's VW Special—a tricky exhaust system which had four pipes funneling into one pipe . . . No. 54, Rod Carveth's Aston Martin DB3S—a large flexible tube through the driver's compartment which carried air to the rear brakes . . . No. 196, Robert Dugan's Singer Special—a 4-port head with big Pontiac valves . . . No. 154, Harry Eyerly—500-12 Firestone tires on his Crosley Special. They looked mighty small but he placed first in class.

No. 90, Virginia Schleicher, came out from Chicago to run this race in an Arnolt Bristol. Her husband stayed home to run a local hill climb . . . The Ecurie Kasler, a Pontiac station wagon, gave the natives a start with an engine mounted in the rear. Turns out that it was a spare engine for Lew Bracken's Porsche . . . (Poor Lew had rough luck again after his near win at Santa Barbara) . . . The Von Neumanns brought along a spare Ferrari for a trainer. It was lettered T and saw action in practice.

John Barneson's Chrysler-powered Hagemann Special was the top displacement car (5498cc), developing 360 hp, with 10 gals. of gas and Barneson in it. The car weighs only 2080 pounds. Fantastic! . . . The announcers were especially polite. Instead of saying, "Get the h— off the track," one said, "Those on turn 3 who do not belong outside the snow-fence, please pick out your favorite spot behind the fence and get ready for the next practice." It apparently worked.

No. 82, GREG TEABY's Jaguar, —green and yellow lights under the front bumper which were used to signal his pit crew. The signals are still a secret . . . During practice, Rudy Cleye's Mercedes 300 SL, No. 112, was smoking. Oil was coming out of the breather through the holes in the right front fender. As a baffle would have modified the car, the same thing happened on Sunday. This time the oil caught fire and he had to take the escape road on turn 1. He used the extinguisher which the sponsors insisted that each car carry and did not have too much damage to the car.

No. 69, Bob Weller—trouble with the gear box during practice. They fixed the car Saturday night but the freeze plug blew during the race and now the engine doesn't sound so good . . . No. 16, Jack Anderson's MG Special — a sign on the side "Farina" and a plaque stating "Made in the Black Forest by Squirrels." The wobbling exhaust pipe along the side proved to be very secure, mounted on a spring . . . No. 6 & No. 7, the Cooper Climax, looked very chopped on the back end but John Fox and Harry Banta brought them in first and second in Class G. Harry hit bay bales, stopped in pit to remove bay but returned to race.

No. 66, Jimmie Hughes, burned out a bearing in Kjell Qvalle's MG A during practice but they worked all night on it and had it ready for the race. Something went wrong again—he didn't finish . . . No. 152, R. W. Kastner—an interesting body on his MGTD Special. It was a modified envelope

with the corners tucked in on the front . . . No. 198, Tip Blume's Crosley Special, was not running right. He had new magneto and dual carburetion which had not been adjusted properly. The two members of his pit crew are MD's. No. 53, Sal Teran's Knight Mortetti—a bent left rear wheel which caused him to hit the hay with his right front side. He came into the pits for repairs. The crew wired the body to the frame and he was given an OK to go ahead by the officials but he soon returned to the pits . . . No. 175, Dick Seagle—to scratch when the wrist pin bearing burned out during practice . . . No. 125, Pete Lovely, drove the last part of the race in his Cooper with his left arm reaching back to control the throttle linkage which had broken. He drove with his right hand. When asked how he shifted he said, "I had to let go of the steering wheel."

No. 11, Johnny von Neumann couldn't start his Ferrari in pole position at the beginning of last race. He was pushed out of position, the race started; he drove around through the pits, back out onto the grid. The starter made him stop and restart his engine and then gave him the flag. That is why he was almost lapped by Phil Hill in the first lap . . . No. 160, Weldon Russell's transmission went out on his Jaguar on Saturday. They worked all night to fix it but it didn't last.

No. 250, Charles Thompson's Morgan didn't race on Sunday. They think a wrist pin is broken . . . No. 119, Bill Friedauer, lost third and second gear early in the race . . . No. 65, Bill Murphy, had a broken water manifold, causing steam to come out from under the left front fender of his Buick Kurts. They had new cylinder heads and they couldn't fasten the connections down properly.

No. 89, Dr. Edward Boyd—a new shot peened crank for his MG Special. This car is a true veteran of Pebble. Dr. Boyd reports that Randy MacDougall raced it at the first Pebble Beach Road Race and it has seen action in at least 5 of the 7 events . . . No. 132, R. W. Kaistner, was having cooling trouble with his MG Special.

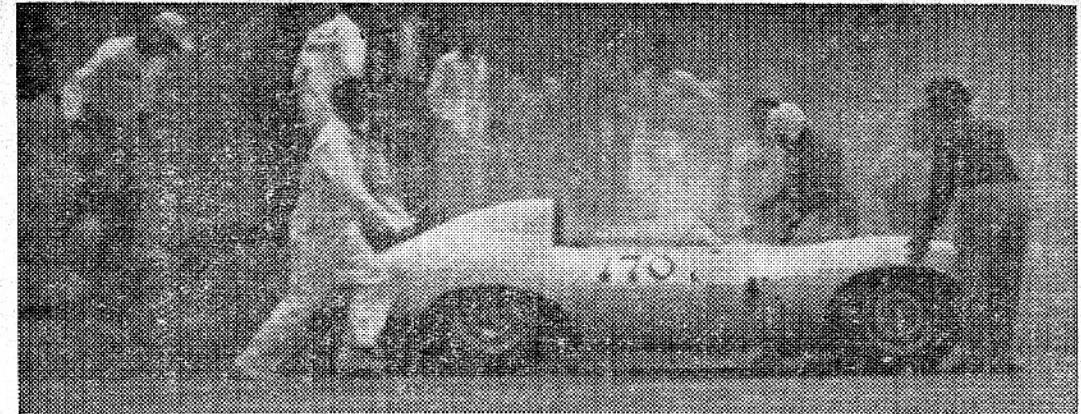
Weldon Russell from Oakland was lapping in 1:53 in his Jaguar, No. 160, when he lost a spark plug wire. He fixed that and on lap 8 a valve got stuck and he lost No. 6 cylinder. . . . Lt. Robert Cole, USAF, reports he was running 3rd in class with his Triumph TR3, No. 88, and 1 minute ahead of the closest Triumph when he lost his power and oil pressure after turn 4. He isn't sure but he thinks a rod bearing went. The car had had one previous race with only 2000 miles on it.

The retirements on the last race are not listed. After the accident, I felt that no one wanted to discuss their own individual problems.

The sport of motor racing has lost a true friend and I personally will miss Ernie with his happy smile. My deepest sympathy to Jean, Bill, Jarvis, Lyle, Tom, and the many others closely associated with him.

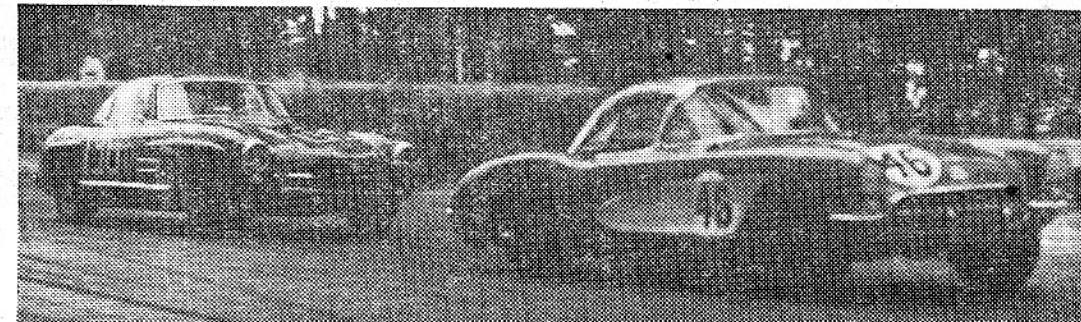
Reed Flies Home 1st at Phoenix

PHOENIX, April 28—Smooth-as-silk Jimmie Reed flew about 2500 miles from his Peekskill, N. Y., home to race 150 laps around Ernie Mohamed's South Mountain Speedway quartermile in tonight's NASCAR late model stock car event, but it paid off well for himself in purse money and his sponsor—Chevrolet—in more advertising material.



PEARCE WOODS OUT AT PEBBLE AS D-JAG BRAKES LOCK

Gene Simon



CORVETTE (THOMPSON) LEADS 300SL (SETTEMBER)

Marvin Reichler



By John Foster

National President, FCCA

Due to the time lag in receiving information and going to press, I have been remiss in not inviting you to attend one of Howard Frank's extremely informative

lectures on How to Win a Rally. I have been lucky enough to attend a couple of Howard's well-prepared lectures and if I will only do what Howard tells me to, I should pose a threat to him on all future rallies!

Howard's lecture covers everything, including equipment and how to use it, timing, odometer checking, and hits the nail on the head every time when he shows you why you haven't yet won a rally. I hope he continues to present his valuable tips to all rally clubs (he has given over a dozen lectures so far) and I promise to tip you off in good time for his next appearance. One of the oldest members of FCCA, Howard Frank is probably the top rally driver in this country, with (to date) 99 navigational rallies under his safety belt, of which he has won 25 and placed in 55!

DESERVES HIS WINS

After hearing his lectures, you'll agree with me that he has deserved every one of his victories. I notice, however, that his competition is getting tougher of late, with the navigator-driver team of Lew Hemmelrich-Ken Dowson of

Drag Race Results

SANTA ANA—APRIL 29

Roadster Class: A—Elevins, 1:04.16. C—Roaster—Lakewood Muffler, 1:47.03. D—Roaster—Offenhauser Special, 1:25.0.

Fuel Class: Heavy Coupe—Johnson and Beebe, 1:05.26. Modified Coupe—Miss 88, 1:11.11.

Gas Class: Light Gas Flathead—Ward and Taylor, 95.26. Light Gas Overhead—Perrot, 91.47. Heavy Gas Flathead—Altizer, 92.59. Heavy Gas Overhead—Service, 91.74. Strip Gas Flathead—Forrester and Osborne, 1:12.33. Post War Flathead—Itow and Fehchner Brothers, 99.98. Post War

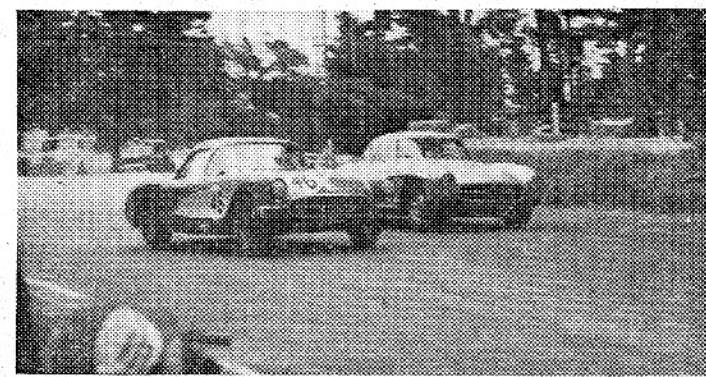
Overhead—Mack Baker, 97.08. Open Flathead—Alcala, 1:12.63. Gas Rail—Coelho, 1:23.45. Four Banger—Maldino and Vespa, 1:19.63. Sport Car Small—Taylor, 71.94. Sport Car Medium—De Carlo, 78.74. Sport Car Big—Walker, 85.47.

Cycle Class: 30.50 Gas—Howard, 84.74. 40 Gas—Gessner, 1:09.89.

Stock Class: A—DeClue, 72.99. B—Pulkrabek, 75.75. C—Wulff, 80.64. CA—Nicholson, 80.00. CX—Herron, 86.95. CAX—Shafters, 84.04. D—Ronnenberg, 84.74. E—Porter and Potvin Cams, 95.23. F—Sredia, 88.49.

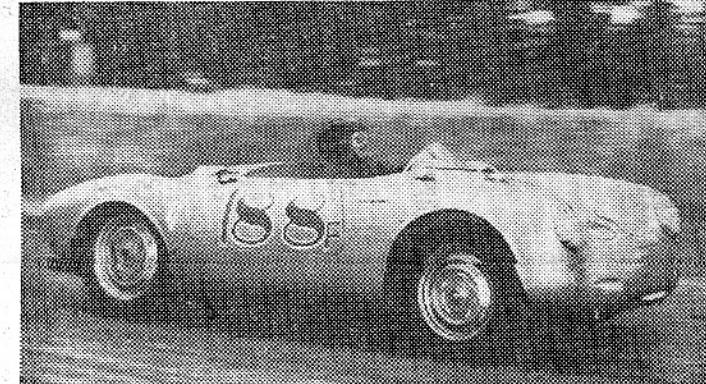
SIG IMPORTANT

None genuine without my signature.—James B. Beam.



AND NOW SETTEMBER MOVES IN FOR WIN

Gene Simon



JACK McAFFEE FLIES IN FACTORY PORSCHE

Gayle Davis



Glandale having beaten him on five of the last eight big events. Keep your eyes on the Glendale FCCA Rally team this season; they're off to a flying start and have some real talented combinations.

How Mr. Frank manages to find the pretty girl friends (loaded) with such navigational qualities is a secret many of our bachelor members would like to know! In this modern age it is far more important for a young swain to desire such prime characteristics, and a love of top down, low slung travel, in his prospective spouse—than the old-fashioned requirements of cooking and sewing.

PEBBLE RALLY SUCCESS

Santa Monica Chapter's Monte Carlo type rally to Pebble Beach was voted a tremendous success by all 200 entrants. Burton Harrison and his enthusiastic group of helpers are to be congratulated on this unique rally, which we all hope will become an annual event.

The run to Pebble never was so short or so much fun. Too soon for results at press time, but will have them next issue; meantime, have (driving) fun.

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Five Road Races Slated by SCCA

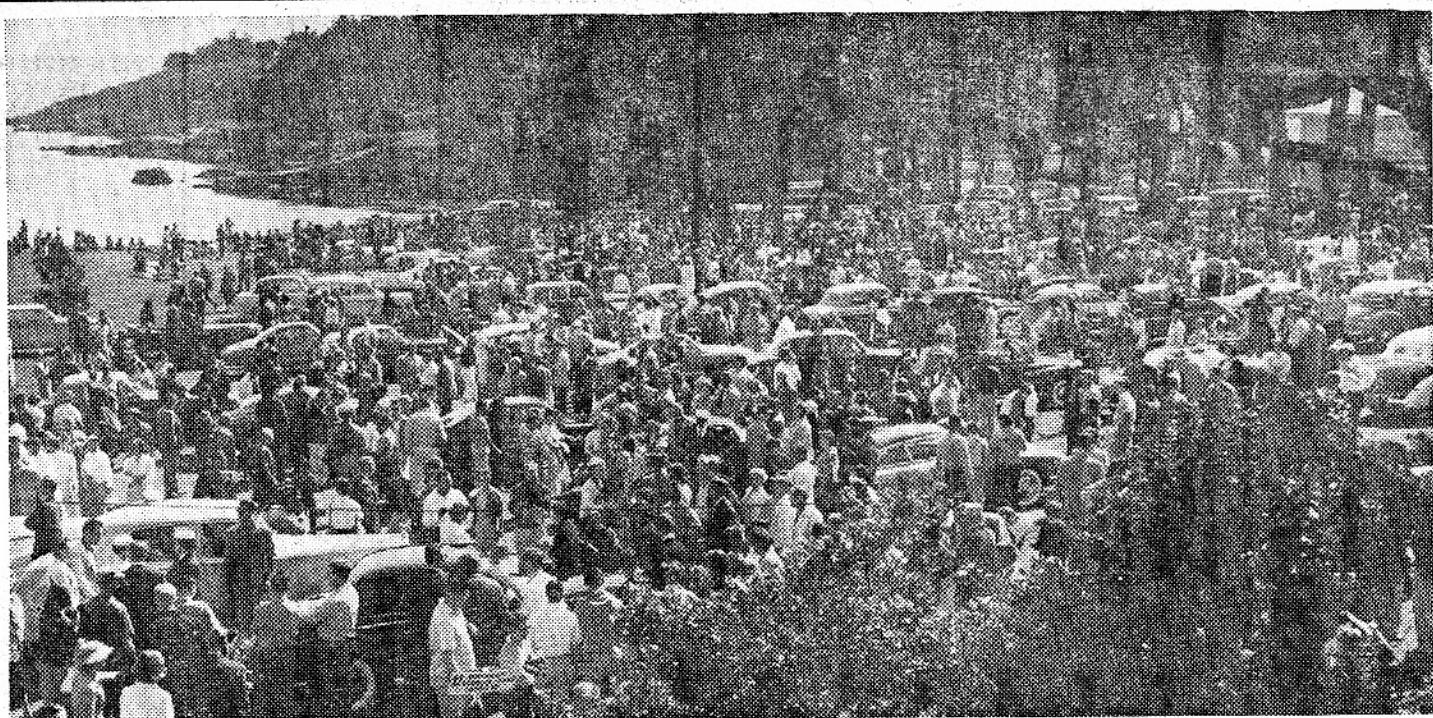
Five races will be staged by the Los Angeles Region of the Sports Car Club of America for the remainder of the year. They are as follows:

June 16-17, Santa Maria; July 6-7, San Luis Obispo; Sept. 22-23, L. A. International Motor Raceway near Ontario (National); Nov. 3-4, Palm Springs (National), and Nov. 17-18, Bakersfield.

Distributors off to N. Y. Auto Show

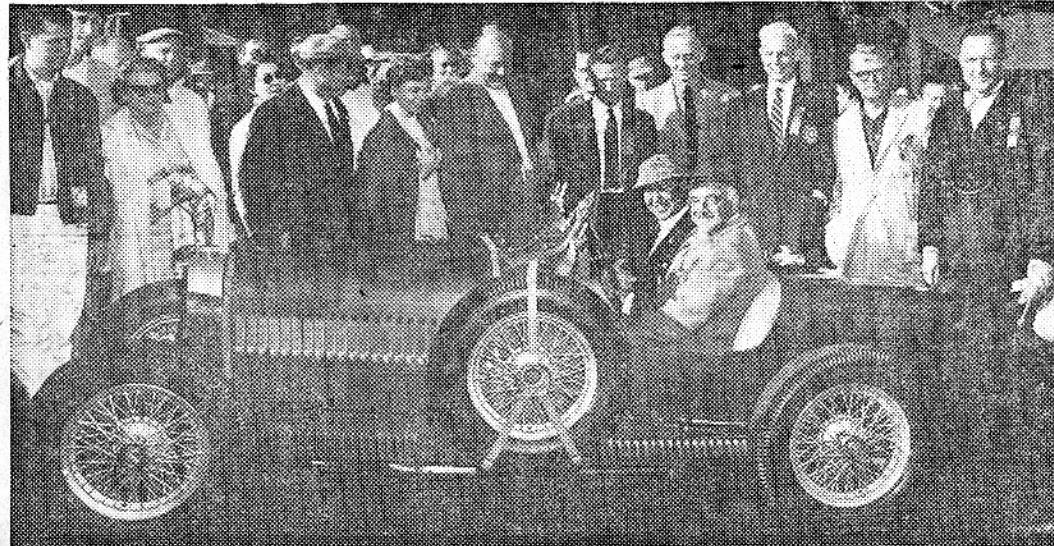
Off to New York last week for the International Automobile Show were three Southern California distributors—Peter Satori, DKW; Johnny Green, Renault, and Leo Hirsh, Volvo.

The show opened last Saturday at New York's new \$35,000,000 Coliseum, and featured 150 cars, most of them foreign.



Lester Nehamkin

HUGE THROB TURNS OUT FOR COLORFUL PEBBLE BEACH CONCOURS



OVERALL WINNER of the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance Dr. Milton R. Roth's 1930 Bugatti with Dr. Roth (left with checked hat) and one of the judges, Peter de Paolo (right with dark hat). The other judges, standing left to right

—Ernest K. Gann (dark coat and light tweed cap), George Sclater-Booth, Roger Cra'ster, Dr. Norman Jansen, Denholm McKie, Josh Hogue and Lucius Beebe.

Julian P. Graham

Santa Maria Airport Races Set June 16-17

The Los Angeles Region of the Sports Car Club of America has signed a contract with the airport managers and the city of Santa Maria for road races at the Santa Maria Airport, June 16-17. It is the first such event for Santa Maria.

The four and one-third mile course is at least a mile and a half longer than any other course in this area and should appeal to drivers of the bigger machinery. The roads are all 50 feet wide.

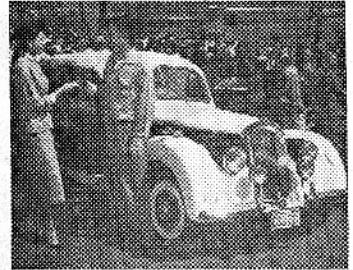
Other events will include a fashion show and a cocktail party and buffet dinner at Rick's Rancho Santa Maria. Presentation of trophies will be between 6 and 11 p.m. June 17.

Julian P. Graham

MRS. KJELL H. QVALE, San Francisco, (whose husband was chairman of the 7th Annual National Championship Sports Car Road Races), presents Jack A. Jarmuth, San Francisco, first place ribbon in Class B (European Sports Cars \$2500-\$4500) for his 1953 Jaguar XK120M hard-top coupe. Jarmuth took second overall, in addition.



Julian P. Graham
MRS. WILLIAM H. HUBBARD, Pebble Beach, places first place ribbon on Donald I. Torburn's 1950 MG Sedan, which took first in class F (Passenger Cars Under \$2500 European).



Julian P. Graham
ROBERTS E. BOWEN, San Bruno, accepts first place award in Class G (Passenger Cars \$2500-\$5000 European) from Mrs. David Akin. Car is a 1951 Riley Sedan.



Julian P. Graham
MRS. EDMUND VON HASSELMON, Monterey, congratulates Blair McDonald, Carmel Valley, on winning 1st place in Class I (Pre-War American Wars) and Honorable Mention Overall in the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance. Car is a 1923 Ford.



Julian P. Graham
Lester Nehamkin
MRS. PETER SATORI, Pasadena, and her husband, DKW distributor, with their 1956 DKW coupe, which drew raves at Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance.

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Pebble Concours Results

1956 PEBBLE BEACH CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE

Del Monte Lodge, Pebble Beach, Calif.

Compilation by MYRA JONES

OVERALL WINNER Dr. Milton E. Roth, Long Beach—1930 Bugatti
RUNNER-UP Jack A. Jarmuth, San Francisco—1953 Jaguar XK120M

HONORABLE MENTION Blair McDonald, Carmel Valley—1923 Ford

Class A—European Sports Cars under \$2500

1. Lowell M. Herrero, Piedmont, 1949 MGTC.

2. Sally and Peter Edmonson, Palo Alto, 1948 MGTC.

3. Jack Allen, Stockton, 1953 MGTD.

Class B—European Sports Cars \$2500-\$4500

1. Jack A. Jarmuth, San Francisco, 1953 Jaguar XK120M.

2. Al J. Bogen, Oakland, 1954 Austin Healey.

3. Mr. and Mrs. F. Chas. Anderson, Menlo Park, 1955 Jaguar XK140MC.

Class C—European Sports Cars \$4500-\$10,000

1. Mr. Robert C. Gray, San Francisco, 1955 Mercedes-Benz.

2. Lance Reventlow, Hollywood, 1955 Mercedes-Benz.

3. Dr. Thos. C. Wilson, Niles, 1953 Aston Martin.

Honorable mention—Marion Weber, San Gabriel, 1955 Lancia Spyder.

Class D—European Sports Cars over \$10,000

1. Alfred Ducato, Atherton, 1955 Ferrari.

2. Kay Qvale, San Francisco, 1956 Aurelia.

3. Jay Leone, San Francisco, 1953 Cunningham.

Class E—American Production Sports Cars

1. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Rich, San Francisco, 1955 Thunderbird.

2. Mark Meherin III, San Mateo, 1956 Corvette.

3. Murray Vout, Monterey, 1956 Studebaker.

Class F—Passenger Cars Under \$2500 (European)

1. Donald I. Torburn, San Carlos, 1950 MG sedan.

2. Beverly and Leonard Clow, Gardena, 1955 Volkswagen.

3. Mrs. Verda Rhode, Walnut Creek, 1955 Volkswagen.

Class G—Passenger Cars \$2500-\$500 (European)

1. Robert E. Bowen, San Bruno, 1951 Riley sedan.

2. Alton H. Walker, Pebble Beach, 1956 VW Karmann-Ghia.

3. George W. Freeborn, San Francisco, 1956 VW Karmann-Ghia.

Class H—Passenger Cars \$5000 up (European)

1. Warren G. Epstein, Saratoga, 1955 Mercedes-Benz.

2. Mahlon K. Jordan, Berkeley, 1954 Mercedes-Benz.

3. James Leo Murphy, Menlo Park, 1951 Humber.

Class I—Pre-War American Cars (no individual classes)

1. Blair McDonald, Carmel Valley, 1923 Ford.

2. John S. Lewis, Atherton, 1930 Duesenberg.

3. Bernard Becker, Walnut Creek, 1923 Doble Steamer.

Honorable mention—Major Wm. H. Lacey, Novato, 1934 Pack. Phaeton.

Class J—Pre-War European Cars

1. Dr. Milton R. Roth, Long Beach, 1930 Bugatti.

2. Frank B. Cox, San Rafael, 1938 Rolls Royce.

3. I. W. Robbins, Jr., Los Altos, 1936 SS Swallow.

Class K—Vintage (Prior to 1915 inclusive)

1. Alton H. Walker, Pebble Beach, 1905 Buick.

2. Robert H. Berg, Hillsborough, 1902 Auto Car, 2 cylinder.

3. Robert E. & U. B. Lee, San Leandro, 1913 Ford.

Class L—Standard American Production Cars, for display only. Not judged.

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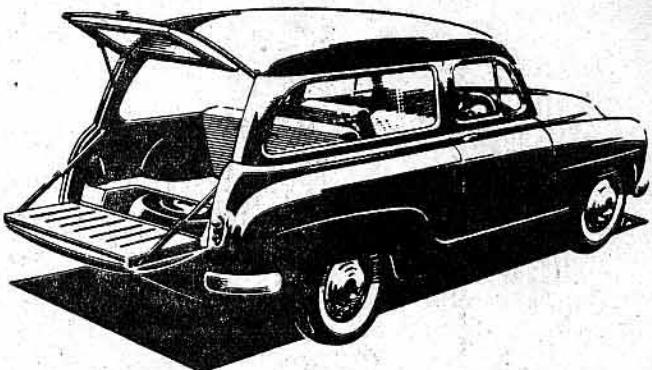
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